National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 49. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863. WHOLE NO. 1,193.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT $2 50 PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

FEMALE POLITICIANS.

From The Journal of Commerce.

POLITICAL partisanship sometimes blinds men to the most ordinary rules of common sense, and not unfrequently, when they grow earnest in a canvass, a whole community loses sight of propriety, prudence, and even of correct morality. We see most striking illustrations of this in Connecticut, where the contest grows warmer as the election approaches. The most curious manifestation of the zeal of partisanship is found in the readiness with which our Republican friends in that State have forgotten the purity and delicacy that attaches to the female character, and have not only put a woman on the platform to stump the State for Buckingham, but have also set her to work to organize Loyal Leagues of women, to influence the elections. We shall not be surprised to hear next of some fair successor of Fox's duchess offering her cheek or her lips as a bribe to voters in the old land of steady habits. A Loyal League of women has been organized in Hartford, and an illustration of the result is at once afforded, and, we are sorry to say, is paraded with commendation in the columns of our highly esteemed (though lately a little too radical) contemporary, the Hartford *Courant*. It appears that a servant maid in the family of a loyal leagueress came home wearing a Democratic badge, whereupon the mistress descended to the kitchen, with loyal ire excited, and ordered the badge or the servant out of the house, and of course both went. The lady's indignant dismissal of her servant seems to have been quite an exciting topic in loyal circles, and a discussion ensued as to who put the servant up to this petty treason, the conclusion being arrived at that it is proper for loyal ladies to dismiss Democratic servants, or, at least, such as display Democratic badges.

Now, it does not concern us to discuss the question of the propriety of discharging servants for political opinions, nor can we have the slightest interest in the particular row between the Hartford lady and her kitchen maid, however important it may be in the present gubernatorial contest in Connecticut, or in the matter of the Southern rebellion which we all want to see suppressed. But we respectfully suggest that this adding of new requirements to the qualifications of cooks and housemaids will produce a revolution in "intelligence offices" if it is to be put into general practice. We are all more or less familiar with the London *Times* advertisements for Church of England cooks and dissenting coachmen; but if we are to have in America a system of Republican maids and Democratic waiters, what are we coming to? We may not only look for Democratic roasts and Radical fricandeaus, *Huitres au Garrison*, and *Potage au Seymour*, but we may expect to see the newspapers flaming with the advertisements of distressed housekeepers, frantic in the sudden hegira of political "help," closing with the significant notices, "Copperheads need not apply"; "No Abolitionists wanted"; "State your politics frankly," etc., etc.

Seriously, good Republican people in Connecticut, this is a very ridiculous matter, and in times of sober reflection you will regret it. The province of woman is too well understood to need explanation now. She is the home angel, not the politician. She will of course be deeply interested in the present condition of the country, and, with all her energy in her proper sphere, will be patriotic, loyal, and devoted. But we should disgrace the gentle and noble character of our American women if we encourage them to the public exhibition of political preferences, and set them to abusing each other as Democrats, Abolitionists, Republicans and Copperheads.

THE FORCIBLE ELEVATION OF THE NEGRO.

From The Journal of Commerce.

A SQUAD OF NEGRO VOLUNTEERS SPEEDILY DISBANDED.—The other day notice was made in this paper of the arrival of a squad of colored volunteers from Geneva, recruited in that village under the auspices of Frederick Douglass, for a Massachusetts regiment. According to the Geneva *Gazette* that squad has melted away to a single man. It says the men were enlisted by Mr. Cleggett, who labored zealously in the work. He enrolled seventeen names. On the day they were to leave for Rochester to be mustered prior to their departure for Boston, eight of the number were missing. Cleggett came to Rochester with nine, says *The Gazette*. On calling the roll here in a day or two five more were missing. The remaining four were got on board the train for Massachusetts, but before the cars started two of them escaped, and the remaining two went on. It is said that one of the two has returned to Geneva from Boston. The one who remains ought to have a commission.—*Rochester Advertiser*.

THAT last observation is appropriate. The one who remains should have a commission—that negro will stand by the flag—the colors won't "run," borne by such a hero. But to speak soberly, it may as well be confessed now as at any future day, that the whole negro programme is a wretched failure. So far as reliance has ever been placed upon negroes, either the slave or free black population, as an element of strength in prosecuting the war against the South, all has proved a gross delusion. The slaves remain insensate on their plantations, the same docile, harmless, submissive creatures they always have been—their ears dead to proclamations of freedom, and their eyes blind to the glories of the star-spangled banner. While they can get their daily supply of hog and hominy, and their cabin and garden patch remain undisturbed, the success of Union or disunion is the same to them. Their services are only valuable when tilling the ground or digging trenches, and whoever can procure them for these purposes has good laborers, if they are properly superintended and cared for. This is taught by experience at Port Royal, Hilton Head, and at the Vicksburg canals. Red trowsers they like very well, but for guns they have an instinctive horror. It was a pitiable sight when Mr. Pierce's cotton plantations in South Carolina were invaded by Gen. Hunter, with orders that the poor frightened negroes should exchange the implements of husbandry for muskets; but there was no alternative, and through dint of discipline some of them (who didn't run off) have made very respectable soldiers, if we may believe report. Their march to Jacksonville, Fla., appears to have been well conducted; nor did they misbehave, we are told, when the city was in their power. Perhaps a suspicion may be tolerated that after all they are the Vandals who voluntarily burned that fine old town; but it is sufficient for the present that the blame is charged upon others. We are charitable enough to think it would have been furthest from their wishes to hurt anybody, unless positively ordered to the contrary. Comparatively few are conscious of ever having suffered wrong from a white man, while many have kind recollections of masters and mistresses among whom they were born and reared, cheerfully accepting servitude as their normal condition — never having known any other. Possessing such feelings, they have no adequate motive for leaving their old homes, however rude; and now that orders have been issued for the drafting of free negroes within the Federal lines, and as many fugitives have voluntarily returned, with their stories of hard work, etc., it cannot reasonably be expected that refugees to our military camps should be numerous hereafter. Certainly, if we may believe the newspapers, the accounts which may be carried back from the negro quarters at Washington city, Cairo and Helena, are anything but favorable.

This is the result of our costly experiments in schemes for the forcible elevation of the negro race. These schemes have been urged upon the chief Executive of the nation for his adoption, most of them contrary to his convictions of duty and expediency. Yet to satisfy the clamor of a few half-crazed philanthrophists, large concessions have been made. As a consequence, the North has been agitated by a divided public sentiment. The public treasure has been wasted in useless experiments for the establishment of negro schools and missions. A mischievous delusion has been fostered, by encouraging a belief that emancipated slaves would prove a good substitute for regiments of white men, and be instantly available, if a certain document (imagined to possess a kind of talismanic power) could be promulgated by the President. This failing, an effort was made to organize black regiments from such materials as were at hand, and a few thus formed were incorporated with the army—insignificant in number, to be sure, but sufficient to excite a wide-spread spirit of dissatisfaction, and in some instances downright mutiny, among those to whom association with blacks on equal terms is repugnant. This was not enough, however, to satisfy the negrophilists of the impracticability of their schemes, so long advocated in the pulpit and the forum. A direct appeal was then made to the free black population to arm themselves. The manner in which this proposition was received is well illustrated in the case of Douglass's soldiers, as noticed above. The negroes absolutely refuse to turn out, except under compulsion. They are deaf to entreaties. They are indifferent to the fate of their Southern colored brethren. Scarcely a regiment can be drummed up in the entire New England States, even with the assistance of New York and Pennsylvania. This is a most ridiculous finale, and ought to satisfy every sensible man who heretofore has given countenance to the project.

It is time now to drop the negro question and go to work in earnest.

THE SIN OF THE NORTH.

[The New York *Observer* has an article on the approaching National Fast, from which we copy as follows:]

OUR present calamity comes from civil, intestine war. Our enemies are of our own household. Our friends, in whom we trusted, with whom we walked to the house of God in company, who were with us in the harmonies of civil, social and religious life, lifted up their arms against us, and have essayed to destroy our government and rend the nation into fragments. We ought to find the cause of this unnatural, fratricidal war, if possible, in the intercourse which we had with them before they were left to commit such a great wickedness as to plunge this peaceful, prosperous country into an ocean of blood. No sin of *ours* justifies this sin of *theirs*. But there was a time when *we* included *them*, and when we spoke of *our* government we meant a union of all these great and happy States. And we are bound to ask ourselves if *then, then*, when we were together, a united family, did we respect each other's feelings and rights under the common Constitution so as to give none occasion of offence. We *know* and it is very easy to relate the wrongs which the South was accustomed to inflict upon the people of the North; we know the repeated indignities and insults heaped upon unoffending citizens who were sojourning in the South under the fancied protection of law; we know the violence with which Southern men in and out of the halls of Congress sought to intimidate the North, culminating in the brutal and savage assault of a Senator in his seat; we know the long and terrible struggle of the slavocracy to make slavery national, instead of a sectional and State institution, and it is very easy for us to extend this catalogue until the bill of indictment against the South is sufficient to convict them of wrongs enough to bring down on them the punishment of this "civil war." It is so comfortable to lay all the blame on them! It is so pleasant to throw off all guilt from ourselves! The South began it, when there was no justifying cause for it: that is true in the sight of God and man; and in the day of judgment, it will so appear when the secrets of all hearts are made known, and the men who plotted and finally consummated this war are called to answer for the deeds done in the body. Then it will be seen that not one solitary occasion existed, in this case, to make it right for men to rebel against existing government, "the powers that be," and to attempt revolution, which in other circumstances might be a right and a duty.

But are *we*, we of the North, blameless? If we are, the President would have done well to address his proclamation to the South, as he did on the first of January last. He does not indeed intimate that we have sinned against our brethren of the South. But have we not so sinned? For the last twenty-five years the people of the South have been pursued by men of the North, in the press, in the pulpit, in the civil and ecclesiastical bodies of the land with a fierceness of invective, a spirit of denunciation, a want of charity and a denial of the courtesies, the rights and privileges to which they were entitled under the Constitution, and finally laws were enacted by many of the States designed to defeat the operation of the Constitution, and all this was calculated to exasperate and alienate the hearts of the Southern people, and prepare them for the mad and desperately wicked course they took in declaring war. The Apostle asks, "Whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even from your lusts?" *Our* sins, the sins of the North, the sins of the people whom the President invites to fast, to repent and pray, our sins were the sins of the tongue and the pen: we provoked, we incensed the passions of the South. We had a right to abhor slavery, and to desire its removal from the world: it is a curse to any people, and we are bound to do all we lawfully can to deliver ourselves and others from its baleful influence; but we are bound to love the slaveholder and the slave; to breathe only the spirit of Christ and his Gospel toward them; to be with them in bonds as bound with them; for the master and slave are both in bonds, and often the former is more to be pitied than the latter; but we did not treat our Southern brethren as brethren when they were with us; we returned railing for railing; we reproached and vilified them, until their crafty and wicked leaders were able to rouse the people of the South to the desperate and awful crime of civil war.

We are now going before God to humble ourselves in his sight, and shall we justify ourselves and throw all the blame on the other side? Can we lay our hands on our hearts, and say we are free from the guilt of our brother's blood? If we do, the Lord will not hear us when we cry. We may make out a case before the world, and justly convict the rebellion as unnecessary and wicked; but in the forum of the conscience, and in the presence of the Searcher of hearts, we know what was our sin in the days of old, and how it prepared the way for that "awful calamity" which now humbles a once proud nation in the ashes of profound sorrow and shame.

THE RADICALS MUST DIE.

From The Louisville Journal.

WE advise the radicals to die easy, for die they must. Their time is up. Whatever schemes may be devised for prolonging power, whatever the hopes which may have been entertained that a longer term of office and legislative privileges might be accorded to radicalism, the truth, as a contemporary says, is now apparent to the eyes of the most blind that the people of the country are against the radicals, in immense majority, and that for a hundred years to come they will not again represent the voting majorities of this land. Nor is this conservative reaction a mere temporary accession of power by an opposition. It is the permanent education of a people by bitter experience that has made them what they are. The army has had its education, and the inhabitants at home have had their education. There were many who were dissatisfied with the last Administration because of corruptions which were charged on the party in power. But, alas, the corruptions of the party now in power are confessed to exceed all in former history a hundred fold. There were those who were dissatisfied with the treatment of the incipient rebellion by the former Administration, but, alas! the present Administration has not been any more successful in satisfying the people. It is useless to argue why or how the change has taken place in the public mind. Enough that it has taken place, and, now that the radical Congress is no more, Mr. Lincoln stands as the executive head of the people, and must either lose their confidence entirely, or listen to their expressed will, and place himself in accord with them.

The hour is a critical one. The state of the country is alarming, both in the East and in the West. The foreign relations of the country may become seriously involved at any moment. It is of the highest importance that the government should be the voice of the people. That voice is now against all the measures of the radical party. Mr. Lincoln is, perhaps, so surrounded by the radical men that he regards their voice as that of the people. He will soon have the opportunity of hearing with more distinctness the real sentiments of the loyal men of America. We have some hope that the adjournment of Congress will yet be followed by a total change of measures and men. But of the duty of conservative men there is no reasonable doubt. Be calm and wise. Let not the fury of radicalism provoke to violence. It is surely easy to submit a while to all this flood of abuse, vilifying, slander and malice, which is but the expiring breath of a badly diseased and corrupt party, when we reflect that the future is to be one of restoration by wise builders. Stand firm by the government of the United States as created by the Constitution. Revolution is the plot and the hope of the radicals. It is our duty to sustain the pillars of the government. There is no hope for us but in this. The State of Kentucky, the State of New York, the State of Illinois, the State of Massachusetts, all the States, are the stones of the temple. The whole fabric stands on one foundation, and that must be preserved. Every proposal to disunite and die as a nation must be resisted.

Selections.

THE WAR AGAINST SLAVES.

NORTHERN SOLDIERS ACTING AS SLAVE-DRIVERS.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

CAMP TUMULI, near Berwick's Bay, La., March 23, 1863.

To depict the fortunes of a grand battle, painting the glories of heroism, one's pen may be golden and thoughts translucent, but scarcely so when "Provost-duty" means negro-hunting for slave-masters, and flogging women for secession sugar-planters is to be recorded as "serving in the United States army." I declare to Charles Sumner, Owen Lovejoy, and other "agitators," that it is one thing to whisper the word of freedom's promise in Presidential proclamations, and quite another to make freedom practical through Provost-guards armed with whips and pioneered by bloodhounds. If the war hereabout is to be levelled at Cuffee and Cuffee only, why, then, in the name of Peace and Quiet, let muskets be beaten into overseer's whips, and bayonets into slave-goads.

Here (O Liberty!) is our thirty-four starred American Flag flying gallantly over a camp-ground, and there (O Vallandigham!) just beneath the emblem of nationality, struts a biped clad in U. S. uniform (aye! and with "Mass. Vols." on his knapsack, O Gov. Andrew!), flourishing his leaden-tipped scourge over a crouching woman, while he pricks her husband with a U. S. bayonet, to make him "follow his owner" to yonder slave-pen. Here comes, dashing and slashing, Sergeant Miller, riding by chivalrously, with cavalry saber flashing lightning on runaway contrabands, as he stoops from saddle-bow to lunge at some "nigger" on the right or left, who flies from his drunken fury. Down by the Bayou skulks Provost-guard Finnigan, hiding his U. S. jacket under an overseer's coat and broad brim, in order to "stale a march" on yonder "nagur," at work on the levee, all unconscious of an approaching kidnapper. Over across (O Liberty! O Vallandigham!) you may spy a jail full of "persons of African descent." What is their crime? Bless you, sir! they ran away from plantations after their rebel owners had "skedaddled" to the Confederate army, or they remained on the "old place," and have been audaciously guilty of supporting themselves ever since. So, under "Provost law," we clap them into jail till sundry gentlemen in broad brims, with big whips, can be summoned to *identify* them, as fugitives from this or that plantation, my dear Madame Liberty! my esteemed Mr. Vallandigham!

O Louisiana! blessed parishes of Lafourche, Terrebonne, Plaquemine, and sundry other localities of special loyalty and approved slave-ownership! how benignantly the President's proclamation spreads its ægis of "constitutional" protection over your runaway negroes. Here, to my feet, crawls Toussaint, a black of splendid proportions, with a bullet in his shoulder from his owner's rifle yesterday. Here also came to me a woman with her back flayed by a whip in the hands of a U. S. soldier. I see on the road before me a negro driven by another soldier, while an overseer drags him by a whip about his neck.

But who is responsible? And is there any responsibility? And if there be, what of it?

Certainly, Mr. L. B., the planter on yonder sugar estate, whose negroes are screeching this moment under the lash, and who has a picket of U. S. soldiers detailed for his body-guard, and who is a leading judge of the Police Committee of this parish—certainly, this pleasant fellow, L. B., who has taken the oath of allegiance, cannot be responsible that his "lines have fallen in pleasant places."

And yet I will bring you credible witnesses, white and black, who saw this same L. B., with kindred ruffians, to the number of several hundred, attack and massacre fifty loyal men on the railroad bridge near his plantation; saw him shooting the Unionists like dogs; and, when one of them fell dying at his feet, saw him kick the poor fellow's teeth down his throat, to the disgust even of rebels themselves, who witnessed the outrage. I can show you witnesses who saw L. B. lash a runaway slave to the fly-wheel of his steam engine, and cause it to rotate till the wretch was mummified; saw him bury another slave to the neck in the earth, fix an iron band, with iron horns, to his head, suffer him to famish several days in that position, and then dash his brains out; saw him flog women till they died; saw—but why prolong the testimony? Let it suffice that this monster, and scores of kindred spirits, are not only protected in their property here now, but upheld and assisted in their tyranny, and allowed to sit as judges, as well as to torture as executioners.

Sir, the history of our army, our government agents, our Generals, and our Provost-Marshals, will sometime be written. May God grant that "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!" be not burned upon the nation, for neglecting to weigh its servants in the balance, and leaving a higher power to adjust them at last!

IRONSIDES.

FOOD RIOTS IN THE SOUTH.

COL. STEWART, of Indiana, lately a prisoner of war at Richmond, reports that on Thursday last a mob of three thousand starving women defied the authorities in the rebel capital, broke open government and private stores, and seized food and clothing.

It is not three weeks since a similar disturbance occurred at Savannah. The mob there was pacified by promises of instant relief; a number of wealthy men contributed on the spot several thousand dollars to ease the suffering. Only a week before this Savannah riot a mob of women marched through the streets of Atlanta, entered provision shops, demanded food for themselves and families, and where it was refused, their leader, described as a tall and bold-looking woman, presented a pistol at the head of the shopman, threatened him with instant death if he resisted, and ordered her companions to help themselves.

The Southern journals have for many months complained of the high prices demanded for the commonest necessaries of life in the States held by the rebels. But prices have continued to rise, until last week flour sold in Richmond for thirty-one and a half dollars per barrel at wholesale; brown sugar in barrels for $1 18½ the pound; tea for $12 50 the pound; salt for 40½ cents the pound; and coffee for $3 95 the pound.

In any other than a slaveholding community there would have occurred a rise in wages corresponding with such increase in prices; but in the rebel States few men work for wages. At present every man of the white population has been forced into arms; these soldiers serve for the same pay now which they received when the necessaries of life were obtainable at less than a quarter of the rates they now fetch; the result is that their families are suffering the horrors of famine. The women who at Atlanta, at Savannah, and now at Richmond, march through the streets and seize the food and clothing they find in private and public stores, are the wives of poor whites forced into the rebel armies by the conscription.

A few days before the mob in Richmond, *The Enquirer* of that city instructed its readers that the people of the South had not yet reached such desperate straits as they might expect:

"The proof that we do not yet suffer what nations usually do in such deadly emergencies is seen in the fact that it has not yet been found needful to visit every household and to see that it has only a certain quantity of provisions for its support in a given time; and in the fact that armed mobs have not yet broken into the stores of millers and flour-dealers, and distributed their contents."

But only two or three days after this was written an "armed mob" broke into the stores of millers and flour-dealers, and distributed their contents. It is as though the starving women had acted on the suggestion of *The Enquirer*.

In the meantime, while the wives and children of the poor whites are starving and almost naked, how is it with the slaveholders—the originators of the rebellion? Do they also suffer? Are their wives also in want of bread? Do their children also shiver for lack of clothing? Not at all. The slaveholders have still a sufficiency from the unpaid labor of their slaves. If they had to pay wages they would suffer in common with the non-slaveholders—but they pay their slaves nothing; they give them but a peck of corn each week, and two suits of homespun per year. The slaveholder is himself exempted from service in the army, if he holds twenty slaves. He remains comfortably at home with his family, or holds a well-paid office in Richmond, while his poorer white neighbors are forced into the field to fight his battles, and leave their families to starve.

How long will the people of the South suffer this imposition? How long will they bear with this tyranny, which grinds them to the dust? Will they not rise against these remorseless task-masters, who are sacrificing them and all they hold dearest to a selfish ambition? No one can doubt that a terrible day of retribution is coming for the reckless and cruel slave-lords—a day when their white serfs will throw off the yoke, and punish those who placed it upon their necks. A day when the non-slaveholders of the South will see that their interests are identical with those of the workingmen of the North, and that their only redemption from the most terrible despotism lies in joining hands with us to expel from the country forever the wicked "master" class whose ambition has brought the war upon us—and with them the system on which they grew strong and ambitious.—*Eve. Post.*

THE BURNING OF JACKSONVILLE.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., March 29, 1863.

THREE weeks since, in pursuance of authority from Gen. Hunter to take and hold this place, the black forces from Beaufort came here and occupied Jacksonville under the most auspicious circumstances for the speedy acquisition of the entire State of Florida. There were known to be less than three thousand rebel troops in the State, and all who were conversant with the affairs of the State believed that the time had come when a small force could be made effective in opening it to the occupation of loyal citizens and in creating an avenue of escape for the hunted negroes herded in the interior and watched with such malignant vigilance by the rebels.

Jacksonville was under the control of our gunboats on the St. John's, and it was unwise to make any movement for its occupation until we were prepared to hold it as a base of aggressive operations into the interior. It is the key to East Florida, and its occupation by us would have immediately compelled the rebel abandonment of all the territory east of the St. John's, and have secured an immense amount of cotton, turpentine and other rebel property to the government. It presented a most promising field for the experiment (as it is still regarded by some) of testing the character and capacity of the negro troops, and as such it was seized upon with avidity by those having these forces in charge. They came and planted the flag, as was supposed, permanently here, and commenced gathering in the advantages within reach, when it was thought proper to make a more extensive and powerful movement, and for this purpose the Sixth Connecticut and Eighth Maine came to reënforce our army. These came with ten days' rations, and were evidently intended only to remain long enough to strike a blow, and then return to assist in the movement on Charleston. They were delayed some days in reaching here, and were therefore scarcely debarked when an order came for their immediate return, and not only this, but for the recall of the black troops also, and the abandonment of the place. A more fatal order for the place, the interests of the people and the government could not have been made. Everybody was taken by surprise and everybody was exasperated, save, perhaps, a few who feared the negro soldiers would achieve a reputation. Was Gen. Hunter crazy? Why occupy the place at all, if not prepared to hold it? Why come and embarrass the people and hazard the lives and property of defenceless inhabitants thus wantonly? These and a thousand similar questions were suggested, and bitter expressions and deep-felt curses were uttered against fickle, capricious and incompetent, if not faithless, commanders. But there was no alternative; the order must be obeyed instanter. In the midst of the harvest of patriotic hopes we were compelled to abandon all, and thus render the expedition a blight and a curse, rather than a blessing and a means of strength to the Union cause.

To add to the wanton cruelty of the enterprise, some of the soldiery were allowed to set fire to the town in various places, and now, as we leave, it is in a blaze. This last act of Vandalism, I regret to say, was mostly perpetrated by soldiers of the Eighth Maine—in some instances by the sanction of subordinate officers; but it is due to Col. Rust to say that everything he could do was done to protect the property and the people. One company of the black regiment were also implicated in firing one block; but they did it under the sanction, if not approval, of a white Lieutenant. We are now leaving with such articles of value as can be most easily removed, and such of the citizens as have become so compromised by our presence as to render it certain that they would not be spared by the rebels. And here I regret to be compelled to record acts of injustice and cruelty on the part of an officer for whom I have heretofore had the highest regard, and for whose character and reputation I had conceived the best opinion. At best there must be on such occasions much personal suffering and distress. Families suddenly compelled to abandon their homes and find refuge among strangers, must suffer even under the best administration of affairs. Of this I do not speak. Gen. Hunter sent sufficient transportation, as was supposed, for all who wished to leave with their personal effects. The steamer Convoy is under special charge of Col. Higginson, of the First South Carolina; it was loaded with government property acquired by the troops, and such furniture as could be well taken on board—beds, bedding, and necessary articles for the comfort of the refugees, as they had time to get away. Col. Higginson comes on board and orders the upper deck to be cleared, claiming that he must have the room for his black soldiers. The order was carried out amid the tears and protestations of defenceless and unprotected women and children, and even the last mattress of one old lady with a family of three persons was thrown off and abandoned, and she was coolly told she could "sleep on the ground, as the soldiers do." This family now go forth, from a comfortable home, well furnished with the results of long years of toil, to find a refuge among strangers, without a bed to sleep on, or a chair—with nothing but what they have on their persons. And this cruel wrong is not the result of necessity, because all the furniture could have been taken, and though the boat would have been crowded, every article brought on board could have remained without serious inconvenience, and would have made many poor women and children comfortable in their involuntary exile. It is now abandoned to destruction, and its owners to want and suffering. Col. Montgomery and Col. Rust both did all that could be done to mitigate the evils of the occasion, and I regret that unnecessary suffering should be thus inflicted, and Col. Higginson was the last person from whom I expected it.

If Gen. Hunter had desired to do the State of Florida and the cause of freedom and Union in the South the greatest injury—if he wished to paralyze the patriotism and destroy the loyalty of this people, and blight the hopes of the State, he could not have adopted a course more certain of success than the one he has adopted from the first in regard to this State. This is now the third time that the people have been cheated and the loyal sentiment placed at the mercy of the common enemy. Now this place—the best and most flourishing town in East Florida, and the only place whose citizens and property-holders were generally loyal—has been irretrievably ruined, and its people scattered abroad without homes or means of present subsistence.

Many loyal citizens further up the river, being assured of protection, have rendered service, and so identified themselves with the Union cause as to outlaw them with the rebels, and are now abandoned to their tender mercies. God save the country and the cause where such things are done in its name and by its friends!

Nothing could have been more satisfactory than the conduct of the black soldiers, as a general thing. No white soldier could do better, and if left here and increased by such accessions as they could have secured, they would have gradually obtained possession of the State, and acquired a reputation that would have been a terror to Southern rebels and Northern Copperheads.

SHOCKING REBEL BARBARITIES.

REPORT OF THE JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL.

JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL'S OFFICE, March 27, 1863.

SIR: I have the honor to transmit for your consideration the accompanying depositions of Corporal William Pittenger, Co. G, 2d Regiment Ohio Vols.; Private Jacob Parrott, Co. K, 33d Regiment Ohio Vols.; Private Robert Buffum, Co. H, 21st Regiment Ohio Vols.; Corporal William Reddick, Co. B, 33d Ohio Vols.; Private William Bensinger, Co. G, 21st Ohio Vols.—taken at this office on the 25th inst., in compliance with your written instructions; from which the following facts will appear:

These non-commissioned officers and privates belonged to an expedition set on foot in April, 1862, at the suggestion of Mr. J. J. Andrews, a citizen of Kentucky, who led it, and under the authority and direction of Gen. O. M. Mitchel, the object of which was to destroy the communications on the Georgia State Railroad, between Atlanta and Chattanooga.

The mode of operation proposed was to reach a point on the road where they could seize a locomotive and train of cars, and then dash back in the direction of Chattanooga, cutting the telegraph wires and burning the bridges behind them as they advanced until they reached their own lines. The expedition consisted of 24 men, who, with the exception of its leader, Mr. Andrews, and another citizen of Kentucky—who acted on the occasion as the substitute of a soldier—had been selected from the different companies for their known courage and discretion. They were informed that the movement was to be a secret one, and they doubtless comprehended something of its perils, but Mr. Andrews and Mr. Reddick alone seem to have known anything of its precise direction or object. They, however, voluntarily engaged in it, and made their way, in parties of two and three, in citizens' dress, and carrying only their side-arms, to Chattanooga, the point of rendezvous agreed upon, where 22 out of the 24 arrived safely. Here they took passage, without attracting observation, for Marietta, which they reached at 12 o'clock on the night of the 11th of April. The following morning they took the cars back again toward Chattanooga, and at a place called Big Shanty, while the engineer and passengers were breakfasting, they detached the locomotive and three box-cars from the train, and started at full speed for Chattanooga. They were now upon the field of the perilous operations proposed by the expedition, but suddenly encountered unforeseen obstacles. According to the schedule of the road, of which Mr. Andrews had possessed himself, they should have met but a single train on that day, whereas they met three, two of them being engaged on extraordinary service. About an hour was lost in waiting to allow these trains to pass, which enabled their pursuers to press closely upon them. They removed rails, threw out obstructions on the road, and cut the wires from time to time, and attained, when in motion, a speed of sixty miles an hour; but the time lost could not be regained. After having run about one hundred miles, they found their supply of wood, water and oil exhausted, while the rebel locomotive which had been chasing them was in sight. Under these circumstances they had no alternative but to abandon their cars and fly to the woods, which they did, under the orders of Mr. Andrews, each one endeavoring to save himself as best he might.

The expedition thus failed from causes which reflected neither upon the genius by which it was planned, nor upon the intrepidity and discretion of those engaged in conducting it. But for the accident of meeting the extra trains—which could not have been anticipated—the movement would have been a complete success, and the whole aspect of the war in the South and South-west would have been at once changed. The expedition itself, in the daring of its conception, had the wildness of a romance; while in the gigantic and overwhelming results, which it sought and was likely to accomplish, it was absolutely sublime. The estimate of its character entertained in the South will be found fully expressed in an editorial from *The Southern Confederacy*, a prominent rebel journal, under date of the 15th of April, and which is appended to and adopted as a part of Mr. Pittenger's deposition. The editor says: "The mind and heart shrink back appalled at the bare contemplation of the awful consequences which would have followed the success of this one act. We doubt if the victory of Manassas or Corinth were worth as much to us as the frustration of this grand *coup d'etat*. It is not by any means certain that the annihilation of Beauregard's whole army at Corinth would be so fatal a blow to us as would have been the burning of the bridges at that time by these men."

So soon as those composing the expedition had left the cars, and dispersed themselves in the woods, the population of the country round turned out in their pursuit, employing for this purpose the dogs which are trained to hunt down the fugitive slaves of the South. The whole 22 were captured. Among them was private Jacob Parrott, of Co. K, 33d regiment Ohio volunteers. When arrested, he was, without any form of trial, taken possession of by a military officer and four soldiers, who stripped him, bent him over a stone, and, while two pistols were held over his head, a lieutenant in rebel uniform inflicted, with a raw hide, upward of a hundred lashes on his bare back. This was done in the presence of an infuriated crowd, who clamored for his blood, and actually brought a rope with which to hang him. The object of this prolonged scourging was to force this young man to confess to them the objects of the expedition and the names of his comrades, especially that of the engineer who had run the train. Their purpose was, no doubt, not only to take the life of the latter, if identified, but to do so with every circumstance of humiliation and torture which they could devise. Three times, in the progress of this horrible flogging, it was suspended, and Mr. Parrott was asked if he would not confess; but steadily and firmly, to the last, he refused all disclosures, and it was not till his tormentors were weary of their brutal work that the task of subduing their victim was abandoned as hopeless. This youth is an orphan, without father or mother, and without any of the advantages of education. Soon after the rebellion broke out, though but eighteen years of age, he left his trade, and threw himself into the ranks of our armies as a volunteer; and now, though still suffering from the outrages committed on his person in the South, he is on his way to rejoin his regiment, seeming to love his country only the more for all that he has endured in its defence. His subdued and modest manner, while narrating the part he had borne in this expedition, showed him to be wholly unconscious of having done anything more than perform his simple duty as a soldier. Such Spartan fortitude, and such fidelity to the trusts of friendship and to the inspirations of patriotism, deserve an enduring record in the archives of the government, and will find one, I am sure, in the hearts of a loyal people.

The twenty-two captives, when secured, were thrust into the negro jail of Chattanooga. They occupied a single room, half underground, and but thirteen feet square, so that there was not space enough for them all to lie down together, and a part of them were, in consequence, obliged to sleep sitting and leaning against the walls. The only entrance was through a trap-door in the ceiling, that was raised twice a day to let down their scanty meals, which were lowered in a bucket. They had no other light or ventilation than that which came through two small, triple-grated windows. They were covered with swarming vermin, and the heat was so oppressive that they were often obliged to strip themselves entirely of their clothes to bear it. Add to this, they were all handcuffed, and with trace chains secured by padlocks around their necks, were fastened to each other in companies of twos and threes. Their food, which was doled out to them twice a day, consisted of a little flour, wet with water, and baked in the form of bread, and spoiled pickled beef. They had no opportunity of procuring any supplies from the outside, nor had they any means of doing so, their pockets having been rifled of their last cent by the Confederate authorities—prominent among whom was an officer wearing the rebel uniform of a Major. No part of the money thus basely taken was ever returned.

During this imprisonment at Chattanooga their leader, Mr. Andrews, was tried and condemned as a spy, and was subsequently executed at Atlanta, the 7th of June. They were strong and in perfect health when they entered this negro jail, but at the end of something more than three weeks, when they were required to leave it, they were so exhausted from the treatment to which they had been subjected, as scarcely to be able to walk, and several staggered from weakness as they passed through the streets to the cars.

Finally, twelve of the number, including the five who have deposed, and Mr. Mason of Company K, 21st Regiment Ohio Volunteers—who was prevented by illness from giving his evidence—were transferred to the prison of Knoxville, Tennessee. On arriving there seven of them were arraigned before a court-martial, charged with being spies. Their trial, of course, was summary. They were permitted to be present, but not to hear either the argument of their own counsel or that of the Judge-Advocate. Their counsel, however, afterward visited the prison and read to them the written defence which he made before the court in their behalf. The substance of that paper is thus stated by one of the witnesses, Corporal Pittenger: "He (the counsel) contended that our being dressed in citizen's clothes was nothing more than what the Confederate government itself had authorized, and was only what all the guerillas in the service of the Confederacy did on all occasions when it would be an advantage to them to do so; and he recited the instance of Gen. Morgan having dressed his men in the uniform of our soldiers, and passed them off as being from the 8th Pennsylvania cavalry regiment, and by that means succeeded in reaching a railroad and destroying it. This instance was mentioned to show that our being in citizen's clothes did not take from us the protection awarded to prisoners of war. The plea went on further to state that we had told the object of our expedition; that it was a purely military one for the destruction of communications, and as such, lawful according to the rules of war."

This just and unanswerable presentation of the case appears to have produced its appropriate impression. Several members of the court-martial afterward called on the prisoners and assured them that, from the evidence against them, they could not be condemned as spies; that they had come for a certain known object, and not having lingered about or visited any of their camps, obtaining or seeking information, they could not be convicted. Soon thereafter all the prisoners were removed to Atlanta, Ga., and they left Knoxville under a belief that their comrades, who had been tried, either had been or would be acquitted. In the meantime, however, the views entertained and expressed to them by the members of the court were overcome, it may be safely assumed, under the prompting of the remorseless despotism at Richmond. On the 18th of June, after their arrival at Atlanta, where they rejoined the comrades from whom they had been separated at Chattanooga, their prison door was opened, and the death sentences of the seven who had been tried at Knoxville were read to them. No time for preparations was allowed them. They were told to bid their friends farewell, "and to be quick about it." They were at once tied and carried out to execution. Among the seven was Private Samuel Robinson, Co. G, 33d Ohio Volunteers, who was too ill to walk. He was, however, pinioned like the rest, and in this condition was dragged from the floor on which he was lying to the scaffold. In an hour or more the cavalry escort, which had accompanied them, was seen returning with the cart, but the cart was empty—the tragedy had been consummated!

On that evening and the following morning the prisoners learned from the Provost-Marshal and guard that their comrades had died, as all true soldiers of the Republic should die, in the presence of its enemies. Among the revolting incidents which they mentioned in connection with this cowardly butchery, was the fall of two of the victims from the breaking of the ropes, after they had been for some time suspended. On their being restored to consciousness, they begged for an hour in which to pray and to prepare for death, but this was refused them. The ropes were readjusted and the execution at once proceeded.

Among those who thus perished was Private Alfred Wilson, Co. C., 21st Ohio Volunteers. He was a mechanic from Cincinnati, who, in the exercise of his trade, had travelled much through the States North and South, and who had a greatness of soul which sympathized intensely with our struggle for national life, and was in that dark hour filled with joyous convictions of our final triumph. Though surrounded by a scowling crowd, impatient for his sacrifice, he did not hesitate, while standing under the gallows, to make them a brief address. He told them that, though they were all wrong, he had no hostile feelings towards the Southern people, believing that not they but their leaders were responsible for the rebellion; that he was no spy, as charged, but a soldier regularly detailed for military duty; that he did not regret to die for his country, but only regretted the manner of his death; and he added, for their admonition, that they would yet see the time when the old Union would be restored, and when its flag would wave over them again. And with these words the brave man died. He, like

Their enslavement of these emancipated blacks is a violation of the laws of the United States. We appeal first to Kentuckians to take measures to stop his infamous business. Let them bring the question of the right of these persons to freedom, under the acts of the United States, before the courts. Let them not suffer themselves to remain in the attitude of protecting a thieving traffic which is contrary to their interests and instincts, and a stain upon the fame of their State. And if they value the sanctity of their right to their slaves, let them not debase it by having it confounded abroad with the ill-fame of this infamous slave trade.

We appeal to the military authorities and to their Commander-in-Chief to put a stop to the military treachery of driving free blacks out of our lines and military posts into the hands of these negro hounds who stand waiting to pounce upon them. Instances of the most cruel operation of this treachery have occurred; and by this, free black men, who went from the free States as helpers in transportation or subsistence, or as cooks, have fallen into the clutches of these thieves. The black servants who accompany the troops now passing through here to Kentucky, will there be watched by these hounds. Every opportunity and device will be used to waylay them, and all sorts of influences to procure their expulsion from the lines under General Orders. And when once a Kentucky negro-hunter gets his clutch upon them, nothing but the assertion of the supremacy of military law can save them from slavery. We speak advisedly when we say, that black men bearing the passes of Gen. Rosecrans are waylaid by negro-hunters, private, official and military in Kentucky, and consigned to the jail process of reducing them to slavery.

The following paragraph, which we find in the advertising columns of the Frankfort *Commonwealth*, among many others as pregnant with human history, is the little story of the pilgrimage of a man and woman in search of the freedom and protection promised by the President's great gospel of freedom. From Tishamingo County, Mississippi, across Tennessee, through the great rebel army, this couple had journeyed, guided by the Emancipation proclamation, their pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, till they reached the promised land occupied by our military forces. But the story is told so much better in *The Commonwealth* that we shall not attempt to paint the lily:

NOTICE.

THERE ARE COMMITTED TO THE JEFFERSON COUNTY JAIL, as runaway slaves, a negro man named ELI, and a woman named SALLY, who is about thirty years of age, black color, heavy set, stout, and well made, weighing 130 pounds. The man, Eli, is about 23 years of age, 5 feet 9½ inches high, weighing 160 pounds, dark copper color, thin whiskers and moustache, slow-spoken and movement, round full face, and high forehead. Both say they belong to John Bynum of Tishamingo County, Miss.

The owner can come forward, prove property, and pay charges, or they will be dealt with as the law requires.

W. K. THOMAS, J. J. C.

March 6, 1863—1m.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE PROSPECTS OF THE SITUATION.

THE defeat of our Iron-clads before Charleston is a serious disappointment to the loyal people of the North, but it will in no wise discourage them in their efforts to crush the Rebellion, but serve rather to give a new intensity to their determination not to lay down their arms until treason is utterly overthrown and the foundations of national prosperity and greatness are laid upon the primitive rock of Impartial Freedom and Justice. Indeed, in spite of this disaster, we think the new campaign opens with better prospects of success than any former one has done. And this rather from indications outside of direct military operations than within them. The defeat of the Copperheads is a pledge of the ultimate defeat of the rebels. In fact, they are one and the same thing, the only difference being that the one description of enemy is outside of our camp and the other is within it. The one is armed with swords and the other with daggers. The elections in New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island, together with the cowering of our own State government under the second great uprising of the people, the arrests in Reading, Pa., and many other hopeful signs elsewhere, show that this dangerous and malignant element has been counteracted, if not eliminated from the body politic. The serpent has been scotched, at least, if not killed. And the rallying of the loyal people all over the country around the government, and their organizing themselves in open leagues for its defence, is a strong safeguard against the vile plots and machinations of the secret societies banded together in the dark in the interest of the enemy. Then the publication of the Congressional Committee's Report on the War has been most timely and beneficial. Its judicial character, its perfect fairness, its crushing weight of evidence, must give it immense influence in forming the opinion of the Nation. It has tied a mill-stone about the neck of McClellan's reputation which must sink it fathoms deep in the gulf of oblivion, if not of infamy. It will be a test to try the venom of Copperheads everywhere and of every name. Whoever attempts to defend the past of that disgraced General or to manœuvre a future for him, brands himself, after this, as among the most virulent of that envenomed species. We have good reason to believe that there is no danger in the highest quarters of his ever being placed in a position to do mischief again, if, indeed, he has not the discretion to withdraw himself from growing public scorn by a voluntary resignation of his commission.

The most hopeful sign of the present hour, however, is the reluctant admission of the necessity of arming the slaves that has forced itself into the minds of all who are not as open allies of the enemy as they dare to be. The mission of Adjutant-Gen. Thomas, of all men, to organize the negroes of Tennessee and to prepare them for military service, is a sign, indeed. Within a very few months these troops will have a prominent place in the operations of the campaign, and they will vindicate their own right to freedom by helping to vindicate a country in which they can enjoy it. This element of our warfare is now a recognized one and will grow in importance every day. It is odd how the demands of the Abolitionists have been, one by one, complied with by the government, and that in the teeth of the most intense and bitter opposition. And yet it is not odd, for they have been fitting themselves for thirty years to pronounce upon and decide the measures necessary in such a conjuncture as the present. The determination of the rebels has compelled a resort to the only means, and the adoption of the only policy that can save the country and make it worth living for. The Abolitionists have always urged the necessity of active military operations, of the occupation of the rebel cities, and especially of the employment of the slaves as soldiers. Happily for the country, their advice was not taken too soon. Had the two first measures been adopted and carried out, the last might not have been necessary, and the war might have ended and slavery been left alive. But McClellan was permitted to give the enemy ample time to get ready for him, so as to drive himself to the wall he had threatenened them withal, and Charleston and Savannah and Mobile were left in the hands of the rebels, until they had made them all but impregnable, erected blockade-running into a science and made English harbors the nests of their piracies. These delays were all in the hope that there might be an easier settlement of the rebellion than its armed suppression, and in the belief that the rebels would be contented with our unconditional surrender. Thanks to Jefferson Davis and George B. McClellan, we trust that that danger is now pretty well past. When the chapter of this portion of our history comes to be written, the salvation of the country, if it be saved, will be seen to have depended more on the activity of the one and the dilatoriness of the other than on any other two men whatsoever.

For the treatment our Copperheads have met with at the hands of their Southern masters is not less encouraging than that they have received from their Northern neighbors. They are treated with the contempt which half-way traitors always receive. It is as clear as anything well can be that there is no concession, short of absolute recognition of independence, that will content the rebels and make them willing to agree to peace. The false belief that there was some abyss of degradation into which the North might consent to plunge in order to purchase back the old state of things, has been the secret of the political and military mismanagements of our affairs. It has been the slow work of two years to educate our public men up to the point of seeing that there is no such thing possible. Hence have come the Proclamation of Emancipation, the mustering of black regiments, and the appointment of Hooker to the command of our chief army, on the ground and in the belief that he means to fight.

This new life thus breathed into our operations is an earnest that even repulse will not be accepted as defeat, and that the hand of the Nation will not be stayed until it has hewed this rebellion in pieces. The public mind has kept pace with public men, in this progress of ideas, or, rather, it has gone before them and marshalled them the way that they should go. The Alabama and Florida have been powerful preachers in effecting this change of heart. Northern merchants must feel that this is a most unkind return for all that they have done for the peace and prosperity of Southern institutions in time past. The new fleet which England is even now getting ready to let loose upon them, and which will go nigh to sweep their commerce from the sea, will give new strength to their convictions and remove all squeamishness as to whatever measures must be had to put down the rebellion and to keep it down. We have never had a doubt as to the sufficiency of the North to conquer the South as soon as it had made up its mind that it must be done, and that there was no way of evading it by compromise or concession. We think that the North was never more of this way of thinking than it is now, and we are sure that it will have no occasion for changing its mind. In this crisis of its fate we trust that the nation may so conduct itself as to deserve to be saved; as we are sure that the slave will be freed because his dungeon will be too much shattered to hold him, whether the nation be saved or not.

THE TRIBUNE AND THE PROCLAMATION.

NOT many days since, as our readers will remember, *The Tribune* stultified itself and shocked the moral sense of the country by the affirmation, that the President, in spite of his solemn declaration on the first of January that the slaves in the rebel States "ARE AND HENCEFORWARD SHALL BE FREE," would be at perfect liberty, whenever the rebels should avow their willingness to submit on such condition to the national authority, to repudiate his pledge and make peace on terms which should leave those slaves all in bondage! The astounding absurdity of this declaration was illustrated by Theodore Tilton in a way which left *The Tribune* without a leg to stand on; and it has since been able only to make a feeble show of sustaining itself by attempting to mystify its readers in relation to the point at issue. In this line of defence it has had, we are sorry to say, the aid of some well-meaning friends of freedom, who, not content to stand upon the plain terms of the proclamation, have taken occasion to bring forward certain theories of constitutional interpretation, at war not only with all the traditions of the nation, but with the whole current of judicial precedents, State and Federal. By turning the controversy into this channel, they have confused the public mind and raised a dust under cover of which *The Tribune* makes a plausible show of victory. Thus, on Monday last, it paraded before its readers with an air of triumph a quotation from a speech of Richard H. Dana, Jr., of Boston, and, in order to give weight to his opinion with its readers, it spoke of him as being "*well known as one of the earliest, ablest and firmest anti-slavery men of Massachusetts*"!!—a characterization which every intelligent man in the old Bay State knows to be essentially false, Mr. Dana being the representative of the extremest type of Conservatism in the Republican party. His anti-slavery has always been Homœopathic in quantity, and so diluted by mixture with old-fogyism, that except for his nominal connection with the Republicans, it would be difficult to find the line of difference between him and George Hillard, or any other Conservative of the Everett school. His latest political act of any importance was his attempt to defeat the reelection of Charles Sumner to the Senate. Whatever weight may be due to his opinions as a lawyer, it is simply ridiculous to put him forward as a representative of Massachusetts anti-slavery.

But let us see what Mr. Dana says. Here is *The Tribune's* quotation:

"Do you object to the proclamation of Emancipation? Do you know what it is? Republicans, Cabinet Ministers, differ as to its meaning and probable effect. That an army may free the slaves of an enemy is a settled rule of war. The rebels must expect this. Their conduct has made it necessary and right to do so. But if any man fears or hopes that the proclamation did, as a matter of law, by its own force, alter the legal status of one slave in America, on the 1st of January last, in my private judgment, he builds his fears or hopes on the sand. It is a military act, and not a decree of a legislator. It has no legal effect, by its own force, on the status of the slave. What is done by the strong arm is done; what the arm of force does not do, is not done. That is the nature of a military act. Its moral effect, as a threat or promise to the master or the slave, the probabilities of its advancing an actual emancipation, I do not speak of. I speak of its legal effect on the legal status of a slave who is not freed in fact by the act of superior force. I say this because I do not wish to see mistakes entertained, to see a good cause put upon false principles. If you sustain the war, you must expect to see the war work out emancipation."

The point here made, whether sound in law or otherwise, affords no warrant for *The Tribune's* assumption that the President, after pledging himself to maintain the freedom of the slaves in the rebel States, is at liberty to make a peace upon conditions which leave them in perpetual bondage. The Proclamation is indeed a military act, but is the President for that reason any the less bound by the terms of his promise to the slaves?

Since *The Tribune* is in search of authorities on this question, we commend to its attention the following extract of the letter addressed by Salmon P. Chase to the Loyal National League, and read at the mass meeting on Union square last Saturday:

"To me it seems that Providence indicates clearly enough how the end of slavery must come. *It comes in rebel slave States by military order, decree or proclamation, not to be disregarded or set aside in any event as a nullity, but maintained and executed with perfect good faith to all the enfranchised.*"

Mr. Chase is not inferior as a lawyer to Mr. Dana, while as an anti slavery man his authority is far higher than that gentleman's. As a Cabinet officer we trust he speaks the mind of the President.

THE SUMTER MASS MEETING.—The mass meeting held last Saturday on Union square, under the auspices of the Loyal National League, to celebrate the anniversary of the attack of the rebels on Fort Sumter, was a great success. There was speaking, from 4 to 6 p.m., at six different stands, each one of which was surrounded by a dense mass of people, who responded enthusiastically to the most radical sentiments that were uttered. Among the speakers were Postmaster-General Blair, Hon. Wm. D. Kelley of Philadelphia, Gov. Morton of Indiana, Gen. Hamilton of Texas, Gen. Sigel, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Major-Gen. Fremont, Hon. Roscoe Conkling, Hon. George W. Julian, Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, Hon. Henry Wilson, Prof. Porter of Yale College, David Dudley Field, Esq., George W. Curtis, and others.

The League of which Gen. Scott is President, and which is generally supposed to be in favor with Mr. Seward, will celebrate the same event on Monday next by a mass meeting on Madison square.

LOYAL WOMEN'S CONVENTION.—We invite attention to the call, in another column, to the Loyal Women of the North, to meet in Convention, in this city, on Thursday of Anniversary Week, to consider their duties to the country in view of the Rebellion, and to adopt such measures as the occasion may seem to require for giving force and direction to their influence in behalf of the great principles which underlie the national struggle. We hope to see, in response to this call, a large and influential gathering.

THREE PROVERBS OF LIFE.

A SERMON

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

NEW YORK, SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1863.

"He that walketh uprightly walketh surely."—*Proverbs x.*, 9.

I FEEL, my friends, as if I should make an apology for coming before you this morning; and if there had been a decent pretext for avoiding the service, I should have availed myself of it. If I were a Quaker preacher, I should be quiet and wait for the Spirit; but being compelled to speak, and obliged, if inspiration is not to be had, to take the next best thing, which is reflection, I offer you that. Most gladly would I invite you to go with me into the mount, to hear the great voices and see the great visions; but I cannot go there, and so shall invite you into my study.

The book of Proverbs is a collection of pithy sayings on the conduct of life, gathered up from the extant literature of the Hebrews. The sayings are ascribed to King Solomon; but it is incredible that any single man, much less a king, and a king such as Solomon was, originated such a vast number of aphorisms himself. Proverbs are exceedingly hard things to make; indeed they are not made by any process of manufacture. They are either struck off at a heat by the man of genius, in the happy moment of inspiration, when his insight into a principle condenses itself into an immortal phrase, or they grow slowly as records of experience. Sometimes they are "sanctuaries of intuition," and sometimes they are results of experiment. As "sanctuaries of intuition" their value is always great; for in this case they announce elemental truths, and fix impressions of spiritual laws. As results of experiment, they may be valuable or not; that will depend on the number of the experiments and the faithfulness with which they have been performed. There are local proverbs, which embody the observation, common sense or wisdom of a small district or a peculiar class of people. There are national proverbs, which embody the characteristic morality or faith of a nation. And there are universal proverbs, which touch facts of life that are common to all mankind. There are proverbs that catch the thought of an hour; and there are proverbs that come to us from the anvils of the centuries, which have been wrought on by the hammers of nation or race, every word of which is packed with solid thought, and has, beneath the surface of its letter, layer on layer of life. Many of the Hebrew proverbs are of this kind. They carry lessons of universal wisdom, as good to-day as they were two thousand years ago. They are crystals of the conscience, formed no one can tell where, which the Jewish collector found and placed in his museum.

It is a remarkable thing that among all races, nations, tribes, classes, cliques, coteries of men, there should be this confession of Providence, and a moral law corresponding to it; this confession that God's blessing uniformly followed one course of conduct and not another; that success waited on one and not on another line of action. Nowhere, not even among unreligious people, do we find the belief that things come and go by *mere* chance; that the same fortune may very well befall all kinds of men; that wise and foolish, thoughtful and reckless, virtuous and vicious, knavish and honest, bad and good, may with equally fair prospect look into the future. It is always a particular cast of disposition or style of character that secures fortune. *What* cast of disposition, *what* style of character, will depend on the depth of moral insight or the reach of moral experience; but it is always a particular style in which we are all so deeply interested to-day. As Studies in this Problem of Fortune I take three proverbs: A proverb of Superstition—a proverb of Civilization—a proverb of Faith; each having its own idea of Providence and the successful conduct of life.

Let us take first the proverb of Superstition. Superstition, to use the definition of Pascal, looks for help from the outward. It is not a student of nature's habits or laws, but only of her freaks and whims. It does not make itself acquainted with the "ways of Providence," but only with its "out-of-the-ways." It knows nothing of the uniformity which runs through the world, nor of the invariable sequence of causes and effects. It looks for miracle and special interposition, and holds that nothing is certain but the unforeseen. Its Deity is capricious, its Providence wayward, its Fortune a goddess with a bandage round her eyes. It does not undertake to give a reason for any event, or a ground for any experience. It holds it to be the sum of wisdom to say that you do not and cannot know or understand anything, and the sum of folly to say that you do or can give the reason for anything. "Is a thing rational?" asks Superstition; "the less is it true." Superstition has a lurking notion that some persons are favored by Providence and not others. But true to itself, it will not believe that these are favored according to any well-founded regulation. Its only rule is irregularity. It picks out some unusual occurrence, some exceptional instance, some eccentric phenomenon, as if the strange and startling and unanticipated, rather than the ordinary, the habitual, the wonted and established, indicated the will of the Higher Powers. And here is its proverb: *Fortune favors fools.* Humanly viewed, the proverb embodies a vast historical truth. For, of all the deities men have worshipped, they have worshipped none more persistently than foolishness. The favorite goddess is the goddess of unreason. The man who is beside himself is vulgarly presumed to be inspired. The oracles of Apollo at Delphi were uttered through the lips of a woman who was out of her senses. Among the Hebrews the prophets attracted attention by acting insanity, and in their most incoherent rhapsodies seemed to the multitude to be most entirely under the Spirit. In the early Christian Church, to speak in language which none could understand was held to be a sign of the presence of the Holy Ghost. The chief phenomenon of Pentecost Day was conduct which the jeering ascribed to new wine, which believers ascribed to the descent of the Spirit of the Lord. Edward Irving's disciples gained the reputation of being specially illuminated by behaving like crazy people; and to-day the celestial messages are supposed to come best from persons who lay aside their own intellect and will, and become for the time vacant of mind. And if man honors foolishness, stands before it with a kind of awe, as recognizing a supernatural character in it, be sure it is only because God seems to do the same.

Often we are forced to notice a kind of grace that is accorded to simplicity and the absence of wit. The simpletons walk through existence unhurt where the wise perish, upright where the cautious fall, prosperous where the careful fail. Seeing no danger, they encounter none; fearing no ghosts, they meet no ghosts. Travellers on a dark night skirt precipices and cross bridges where a single foot-slip would be fatal, because, not knowing it would be fatal, their brain is steady and their muscle firm. The drunken rowdy dashes down the main street with his unmanageable horse, and is not dashed in pieces, simply for the reason that he has no consciousness of his situation and makes no effort to save himself. Nature seems to have some secret understanding with the hapless creatures who are sent on earth unfurnished with brains. They are lucky in lotteries and raffles—get the piece of wedding cake that has the ring in it—stumble on silver and gold mines—pick up valuables in the street—discover by instinct the springs of running water, and make a living by telling their wiser brethren where to dig wells. In Newburyport stands a fine house, built by a man who made money by sending warming-pans to the West Indies. Only a fool would have made the venture; only a fool would have stumbled on the fortune. The blank face of Folly has a dazed look which hints at the unutterable, and to the multitude the unutterable is of course unutterable wisdom. It is so ready with its answer to questions which the wise give up; it goes so calmly into the midst of perils before which the bravest shrink; it is so free from anxiety when others are wearing out their hearts with care; it utters so many acute absurdities which no wit could invent, that its insanities are reckoned inspirations, its eccentricities the movements of a supernatural guidance. There are facts enough to build up a very respectable fool's ethics and philosophy. What do they mean? They mean that Providence runs in ripples and eddies, and wayward undercurrents, out of sight. The order of the world is very deep and complicated and subtle. It has ten thousand by-ways, hiding-places, ins and outs, asides, nooks, where the silly fishes sun themselves. While the great streams of law flow broadly and majestically on from eternity to eternity, bearing the ships freighted with virtue, the little rivulets of law trickle down through meadows and garden plots, and carry on their sunny bosom the children's painted boats.

Again: God loves simplicity, even though it be a fool's. He has a fondness for the spontaneous, instinctive, natural, child-like folk; and even if they be childish he has a blessing for them. Too much self-consciousness is displeasing to him; better unconsciousness than that. The Supreme Mind prizes not wit, or intellect, or excessive volition. It likes best, perhaps, those who, having these, lay them down like little children; but it smiles on those who are too much little children ever to have had them. You recollect Donatello in the Marble Faun, whose innocent elemental nature drew the elements around him, made the animals tell him their habits, forced the insects to buzz their thoughts in his ear, and won from the whispering winds their wisdom. The snake coiled prettily round his finger, the rabbit and the squirrel leaped along his path; as he put his ear to the ground, he heard the trickling of the electric current through the grass, and the murmuring of secret fountains; he was happy; the ripeness of Summer passed into his cheek, and the juices of the earth mantled in his blood; and his speech flowed a deep stream of musical knowledge, which no art could acquire. From this child-like spontaneity he awoke to self-consciousness, and in awaking to self-consciousness, he awoke to pain and misfortune. Losing his natural instinct, he lost his clue to nature and his key to success. Nothing went well with him thenceforth. The elements deserted him; the animals ran away; the telluric currents made no murmur in his ear; the path to the food and water was closed.

There is a world of tenderness, too, in the old proverb. It tells us that Providence has a *pitiful* side—that it has a gentle thought for the little ones, who have no brains to think for themselves—that it has an eye to the silly sheep who never know which way to go, and who would surely run into destruction if they had to think about themselves at all. He who said that the chief attribute of the Deity was "humor" touched this point exactly. There is a loving playfulness in the world—a genial sympathy with small unprotected creatures—a compassion which smiles through its tears at imbecility, childishness, idiocy, and, with a kindness not unmixed with merriment, stands betwixt them and the harsher world. For my part, I am thankful for all the favor which is shown to the "natural fools"—for the sunshine that warms them, for the patience that bears with them, for the exemption they enjoy from misery, for the perquisites that they receive, and the dainties that are lavished on them. In the bloody middle ages there was always a jester at court, who relieved the monotony of horror by his licensed jokes. He represented the comic side of life. More favored than any of the nobles was this witless creature with cap and bells. He had the best places at the shows and games, the nicest tidbits from the table; he was under the king's special protection; none might injure or insult him with impunity; his wrongs were everybody's wrongs; the great knights put their swords at his service. So the Almighty cherishes the "born fools." They are the petted children of his lower providence: but let the man not born foolish play the part of the fool—let the cunning sharper, presuming on this favor shown to imbeciles, try to pass himself off as an imbecile, and confusion comes on him swift and deadly as the pestilence. The proverb of Superstition gives us a glance behind the scenes at Providence, but furnishes no rule for the conduct of life. Even as furnishing a glimpse into the working of Providence, the proverb has almost passed out of mind now, in an age when Superstitution is falling into contempt.

Superstition, I said, expects help from eternal and invisible powers. But the time comes when men no longer look to such agencies for aid, but to themselves. They learn their power over nature; winds, waves, elemental forces, magnetic currents come under their control; the powers of the material world are their servants, to come and go, to fetch and carry, to toil and watch; instead of getting at the earth's secret by lying on the ground and letting it flow into them, they get at it by main force. They discover that everything yields to the human will. Earth, sea, air, brute beasts, the majority of mankind. Will—that is the key to the universe; that holds the clue of Fate. Will is Fortune; Will is Success; Will is Deity. God is the Infinite Will, Providence is the exercise of arbitrary will, answering no questions, making no account of instinctive feeling, natural emotion, pity, tenderness, but pushing on straight towards its own self-sought end. Out of this stage of progress comes another saying, "Fortune favors the Bold." There are facts enough to bear out the saying. Oceans crossed, continents discovered, wildernesses peopled, mountains levelled, savage tribes subdued or converted, empires founded and overthrown, cities built and destroyed, civilizations established and eradicated; tribes of men gathered up in the hand of some daring leader, and scattered like seed among nations; revolutions effected in the social order, progress in new directions inaugurated and pushed. Across the stage of history huge forms marked Alexander, Cæsar, Attila, march victorious, populations swirling after them like the trail of a comet. The will is a magnet to whose drawing power there seems to be no limit. When it appears, its authority is felt at once; people cling to it with unquestioning obedience, "and lavish Fortune empties all her horn." It is as if men waited for the tyrant to come, that they might put their heads under his heel. Little matters it, apparently, in what shape the will power displays itself; whether its object be to overturn a Church, to reform a State, to annihilate or to institute a wrong, to recover the holy sepulchre from the Turks, or to Moslemize Europe; to build up a Republic, or to build up a slave Empire; to conduct people to prosperity, or to condemn them to ruin; to make them scale the summits of fame, or sound the depths of infamy. The power is equally acknowledged, equally felt, about equally adored, and seems to be almost equally triumphant. *One man* resolves that the Union of the States shall be broken up, and the multitude of the people, against their reason, against their interest, against all considerations of safety, comfort, peace, happiness, cluster about him with an intensity of purpose which nothing can shake. He holds them, rules them, sways them, puts his foot on their necks, forces them to submit to the cruelest privations, stops their mouths if they murmur, shoots them if they desert, makes nothing of blockades, bread riots, mutinies, defeats, home privations, foreign indifference; constrains them to receive as true what he tells them, and compels them to rejoice in the evil he has brought on their existence.

We are so accustomed to look at the facts which demonstrate the omnipotence of this personal force, that we forget or overlook the facts on the other side. But facts, my friends, on the other side there are, and facts of very grave moment; facts of so very sad and mournful a kind that they make tragic the history of the world; facts that show that fortune favors the bold only under strict and very limited conditions, which must be sternly conformed with; facts proving that self-will, arbitrary will, abandoned and reckless will, what we know as willfulness, on a large scale or a small, in kings or in conjurors, in emperors or in impostors, so far from commanding success, command failure. Who reads now the story of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Napoleon, of Cromwell, without a sense of the powerlessness of the individual man to break through the net-work of Law with which God has enmeshed the world? Where one will seems to be supreme over all others, and succeeds in crushing them to powder, it still in a thousand and in ten thousand ways runs counter to the Supreme will, compromises itself with the Universal Justice, irritates the sensitive nerves which run through society, lacerates past forgiving the tender fibres of principle which are the roots that humanity has in the Eternal; and sooner or later the offended powers close up behind it, and he must retreat or perish. But no human will has supreme control over others. Over against every strong will stands ever another equally strong. Cæsar has his Pompey, Napoleon his Wellington. These strong individualities provoke each other, stimulate each other, neutralize each other, or dash against each other in dread collision, grinding ordinary humanity to powder between the stones. All over the plain of history we see the mad bulls butting at one another with their horns. Every conqueror must try his strength with another conqueror. It is always will versus will, and the struggles between these antagonistic wills ravage the globe with desolation, and drain humanity of its blood. In these furious combats for mastery of man over man, general over general, statesman over statesman, king over king, nation over nation, humanity is always the victim.

"Fortune favors the bold." Yes, but only when the bold set their boldness in the grooves of Law, and work in the direction of Providence. Let the current of the time, the tendency of the hour, the inclination of the people or the age be found; let the idea which leads the law, which determines the spirit, which animates the epoch, be discovered, and boldness cannot be excessive, for then it ceases to be boldness, and becomes submission. But there must be a *truth*, and a *vital* truth—a truth of deep, strong flow—a truth which is recognized when stated, by living men—and to whose statement living men respond. The will, however tremendous, backed by power ever so tremendous, is dashed in pieces against a truth, like a steamship against the frozen snow of an iceberg. Once off the line of providential movement, once aside from the broad highway of providential working, once out of sympathy with the Creative Mind and Will, failure is inevitable. Really powerful men feel this, and confess it; and in confessing it are affected with a profound humility. They are well aware that success came to them, not because they were strong, but because they were in communication with that which was strong. It is a most remarkable fact that every possessor of a stupendous will, every great conqueror, soldier, reformer, statesman, has been a fatalist—has believed that he was only the agent of causes that worked behind him, on whose trail he had succeeded in placing himself. Children of Destiny they have called themselves, not proudly, but submissively. Attila, Cæsar, Mahomet, Bonaparte, Cromwell, cried "Not unto us, not unto us!" They felt somehow that they were called and chosen—that the powers of the age worked with and through them. So long as they were sure of the sympathy of those powers, they were safe; they feared neither bullet nor poison; they played with loaded dice, and were sure of the game. Calm in the storm of disaster, quiet amid the fury of the battle, they seemed to all beholders mighty towers of unassisted strength; while they felt themselves to be but reeds stiffened into inflexibility by the force of concurrent winds.

The doctrine that fortune favors the bold must be taken, therefore, with many and strong qualifications. Taken literally, it is plainly a doctrine of Atheism; its main assumption is that there is no Supreme Will; that affairs are not governed by cause and effect; that the universe is a playground for despots.

This proverb, which I have called the proverb of Civilization, furnishes no rule of conduct. For a rule of conduct must rest on a principle, and this proceeds in defiance of all principle. A rule of conduct must be available for all people; and this is available only for people who are constitutionally courageous. For the rest, who are constitutionally timid, it provides nothing but depression, defeat and discomfiture.

We must go further for a rule of life, and we cannot stop short of social science and spiritual faith. Here we drop fortune; the very word disappears, and in its place stands God. Fortune, as the word itself tells, means *chance*. Fools may believe in fortune; for with them all seems to go by accident. Despots may believe in fortune, for they make it their business to set law at defiance. But the religious man says simply, "All things work together for good to those that love God." There, you see is the assertion of *Law*. He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely. And who is the man that walketh uprightly? Surely the man that walketh according to the laws by which the world of matter and mind is kept upright. And those laws, as we are coming more and more to understand, are laws of divine and human justice. The revelation of the age is the old doctrine of Predestination in scientific form. First we saw the irresistible grace holding the solar system in place; and we admired the majesty of its working. It was all we could do to admire. Next we saw it ruling the material destinies of our own planet; still it had no lesson for us but one of wonder. Next we saw it presiding over the animal creation, and we began to feel that its coil might soon be around us; presently we felt it drawing our animal organization into its folds. Now the economist sees it flashing through all his problems; the student of history is on its trail through the social development of man; it will not be long ere we find ourselves—mind, conscience, soul—folded in its inevitable and tender embrace. Superstition gathers up its trumpery charms and incantations, its fast days and feast days, its creaking apparatus for appeasing, propitiating, alluring the miracle-working gods, and vanishes into the night whence it came. Will worship picks up its sword and truncheon, and prepares to abdicate its throne of individual supremacy and personal power. Egotism begins to think it about time to go. Hero worship leaves vacant the temples where Force and Fraud and Fury devoured the children of the people when they had passed through fire. For conscious law is king of kings, and they who are under law, and not above it, are the vicegerents and wear the crowns. Clearer and more clear it is to be that the man who walketh surely is not the man who trusts to lucky chances—is not the man who trusts in iron resolution, but *is* the man who obeys the broadest principle, and stands most immovably on the ordinances of God, and gathers into himself the resources of nature. The good man is the broad man, the universal man, the human man, the man whose conduct rests on the widest basis of fact, the man who walks on the most clearly marked highway of providential decree; not the man who is at the mercy of the element; not the man who asserts his own private claims to power, place, dignity, respect; not the man who reverces even the sanctity of his own will, but the man who sinks himself in the Eternal, and lets the Almighty use him as a stepping-stone. Success in any matter follows adaptation to the overruling will. I know this is not the common idea. The common idea is that success belongs to the shuffler, the trickster, the politician, the dabbler in expediencies, the manager of the hour, who takes the opinion of the hour for his guide, and the incidents of the hour for his landmarks. The common idea is, that the deeper one goes in principle, the further one goes from fortune; that the more *universal* one is, the more *visionary* he is; and if he is bold enough to fall back on the radical truths of the general conscience, he is out of the way of success altogether, and has no footing on the earth; which is much the same thing as saying that the pyramid with the broadest base is the most likely to topple over.

My friends, the case is and must be precisely the reverse. The success of nobleness is in proportion to its compass and dimension and scope. It is the nobleness of small degree that gets the small prizes; it is the nobleness of transcendent degree that gets the transcendent ones. The very sceptic himself admits this; the adventurer, the schemer, the man of shifts and make shifts admits it. Nobleness, he says, gets no cakes or ale; it goes hungry and shabby; it lives in a hole; it has no fine acquaintance. He does not deny that it has warm admirers, earnest friends, devoted lovers; he does not deny that in the long run its claim is admitted, its virtue recognized, its work honored. He does not deny that it, and it alone, abides when its earthly position has decayed as a part of the organic structure of things. He does not deny that it is meat and drink to mankind; that it fires prophets, inspires poets, and makes the theme for bards; that families lay their foundations in it; that households make shrines in their hearts for it; that children are educated by it, and men sustained by it in evil times. He does not deny that here it has peace of mind, contentment, joy, aspiration, the blessedness of faith and trust. He admits all this, but this, he says, is not fortune—this is not success. Very well: then it it is something better. He that draws most largely on God gets the largest supplies from Him. The upright man, the single-hearted man, the true and loyal man, the man of purest and simplest ideas, the man who walks not by the rush light of expediency, not by the lamp of his own private conscience, but by the light which lighteth every one that cometh into the world, and all the believers in a living God know it. The most successful person in history thus far is the Christ, simply because He trusted to the largest principle, and based His conduct on the broadest beliefs. His ideas were universal; so has His influence been. He worked with God, and consequently His force is unabated. He walked by the light of a truth which had no limitations, and his walk has been a triumphal procession round the earth.

The grandest success waits on the grandest principle. Nothing in this world is finally done or well done that is not done on the assumption that God succeeds.

My friends, I know you have been disappointed this morning. You hoped to hear a word for the hour, and you have only heard a word for any hour and all hours. But, to tell the truth, the hour has too many words for utterance. I have striven in vain to arrange the thoughts which have been crowding on me the last few days, and out of the heart's abundance the mouth refuses to say a word. What prophet can deliver the burden of this time? What interpreter can read the lesson of events? If I were to utter a syllable, it would be this: that thus far in our terrible struggle, our success has been precisely proportioned to our principle. At first, recognizing no law but the law which prompts to avenge an insulted flag, we rushed pell-mell into the field, trusting as much as anything to the influence of our Northern star—not to valor, not to discipline, not to ideas, not to principles, but to the elemental passions which we supposed would do in their stead. We failed. Then more thoughtfully we gathered to the cry for the Union, making our appeal to such love for the Union as there was. The generalization was not broad enough. It left too many important, nay, too many vital facts out of sight. We struck no deep law which vitalized our society or absorbed the genius of our people. And again we met with disaster. We have now broadened our principle a little more. Our watch-cry now is not the "Union," but the "Nation"—a word which appeals to a profounder sentiment, involves a larger idea, includes a more comprehensive interest—a word which strikes a deeper chord in the hearts of the people, and will be, doubtless, responded to by thousands who are more than indifferent to union with the South. But we have not yet struck into the current of that law which underlies our institutions, moulds the forms of our society, harmonizes our ideas, our actions, our life, and creates, if anything creates, our national existence—the law of liberty, the law of equal rights and privileges for all men—the law of equity and humanity. When we say loyalty, we mean loyalty to the President, loyalty to the Administration; not loyalty to the governing power which is the people; not loyalty to the ruling power which is the genius of Democracy. Perhaps it is too soon to plant ourselves firmly on so broad a principle as this. We must be educated to believe in it by a severe process of teaching. But that is only saying that till we are educated to a belief in it, till we can plant ourselves firmly on it, we cannot as Christian republicans be said to walk uprightly or surely. More than a year ago, the President, in one of his higher moods, said to a Senator, "No man need tell me that the man who identifies himself with the abolition of slavery on this continent will be immortal. I know it." When he acts as if he knew it, he will be immortal. The only names that stand out in light above all others are the names of men who have identified themselves with this principle; and they who have identified themselves with it most completely stand out clearest.

The war is an awful thing for a Christian man to contemplate. Its victories and its disasters both we shudder to think of. What thousands now are praying to be allowed one hoarse cry of exultation over the destruction of a beautiful city, and the burning of its lovely homes! God forgive us! Had we believed in Him at all; had we studied the industrial, the civil, the social, the human laws which He ordained for our security, and showed so plainly to us that we even consented to walk by them and professed to live in accordance with them; had we taken pains to make ourselves acquainted with the principles we assumed every day of our lives; had we cared to comprehend our own situation, to understand our own axioms, all this bloody barbarism would have been spared. Now it will not cease till we surrender ourselves to that spirit out of which we were born, and let the Infinite Worker work through us. That time, to my view, is not near. God grant it be not so far off that we shall not see it.

THE BEAM IN OUR OWN EYE.

EAST WALPOLE, Mass., April 12.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN your article last week on Lord Lyons, speaking of the course of "Lord Lyons in caballing with traitors in this city, in the interest of traitors openly in arms against the government to which he is accredited," you say: "We cannot conceive it possible that Mr. Lincoln will consent to continue diplomatic relations with him."

Pray with what consistency request the recall of Lord Lyons for holding conferences with men with whom the President himself is in habits of daily intercourse, recognizing them as gentlemen and good citizens? How can Mr. Seward object to Lord Lyons conferring with the very men with whom Mr. Seward's lieutenant, Weed, formed alliances last Fall for the purpose of defeating the Republican ticket in New York?

Mr. Seward requested M. Mercier to visit Richmond, to confer with traitors in arms, and to assure them that he, Mr. Seward, would be happy to welcome them all back into the Senate; would it be any more remarkable if Mr. Seward had requested Lord Lyons to hold these conferences with these traitors in New York, "in the interest of traitors in arms"? If the government authorized M. Mercier's course, can it consistently regard Lord Lyons's conferences as more

man, however, according to *The Tribune*, filled his pockets with paving-stones and his stomach with whiskey, walked forth and hit a "nagur," and in twenty minutes was at the Tombs anxiously looking for $300 bail to guarantee his appearance at the Sessions. It was a bad speculation.

PERSONAL.

Gerrit Smith has sent a donation of $1,000 to the Irish Relief Committee of this city. Just like him!

Our readers will all be glad to hear that the Hon. Owen Lovejoy has so far recovered his health as to be able to leave Washington for his home in Illinois.

The negro fugitive Anderson, whose extradition was claimed of the Canadian government on the ground that he had killed his master in order to escape from slavery, has gone to Liberia.

Col. Clarence Prentice, of the Confederate army, son of the editor of the Louisville *Journal*, and another Confederate, named Hargrave, were arrested in Louisville on the 31st ult., at the residence of Mr. Prentice.

Jane G. Swisshelm, whose description of Mrs. Lincoln, the wife of the President, will be found on our fourth page, has been appointed to a clerkship in the War Department, with a salary of $1,000 per annum.

Mrs. John Hooker, the lady who took so prominent a part in the organization of the Hartford Loyal Women's League, an account of which will be found on our fourth page, is a younger sister of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

James E. English, the only Democratic candidate for Congress chosen in the late election in Connecticut, voted in the last Congress for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; which shows that he is not a Democrat of the ordinary stripe.

A correspondent of the Montgomery *Advertiser*, writing from Richmond on the 23d ult., says that President Davis has been confined to his house for two weeks, and is a great sufferer. An abscess has been formed on his temple, next to his sound eye, and it is feared by his friends that he will lose the sight of that eye also.

The Leavenworth (Kansas) *Conservative* is jubilant over the election of Col. Anthony as Mayor of that city. Among the lines, printed in big capitals, and standing over its announcement of the result, are the following: "The Army of the Lord." "Bonfires and Illuminations!" "John Brown Vindicated." And this is what passes for a *Conservative* victory in Kansas! Well, the world certainly does move.

Edwin H. Coates, well known to many of our readers as a faithful worker in the anti-slavery cause, and indeed in every good cause, has removed from Mullica Hill, N. J., to Philadelphia, where he will carry on the business of a tailor. If the garments he makes fit the persons of his customers as well as his speeches usually do the consciences of his hearers, he should not lack for business.

Hon. Ezra Cornell, President of the New York State Educational Society and member of the State Assembly from Tompkins County, has presented the town of Ithaca with $50,000 for the erection of a building and the establishment of a Public Library. He intends to devote the coming Summer to the execution of this munificent and public spirited donation, and will not be able, therefore, to accept the State appointment as Commissioner to the Agricultural Fair at Hamburg.

Sir H. Verney, M.P., read a letter from Miss Florence Nightingale, at a meeting sympathizing with the Poles, addressed to himself, to the following effect:

"If there is a fund for the sick and wounded in the Polish insurrection, would you kindly pay this little sum into it, viz.: £10? It makes my heart burn to hear of that noble nation struggling again for freedom. God prosper her and bless her efforts, and bring her safe to port. Yours affectionately,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

The reading of this letter elicited great applause, and was followed by three hearty cheers for Miss Nightingale.

Gen. Fremont came very near being a victim to the popular enthusiasm he creates, on the afternoon of the great Sumter meeting. When leaving the stand he was instantly surrounded by a large crowd, which had improvised a platform for the purpose of carrying him around the square. With great effort and the assistance of the police he was able to extricate himself from the throng and reach his home, in Fourth avenue. In response to the acclamations of the people he then made a few remarks, when they departed with three times three.

Mr. Garrison is inclined to believe that, since the death of the late Nathan Hale, he has had the longest editorial service of any one connected with the press in Boston. In 1826, he edited *The Free Press*, an independent journal, in Newburyport; in 1827, *The National Philanthropist*, a temperance paper, in Boston; in 1828–9, *The Journal of the Times*, in Bennington, Vermont; in 1829–30, *The Genius of Universal Emancipation*, in Baltimore; and from January 1, 1831, till now, *The Liberator*—in all, covering a period of thirty-seven years. Who leads (not in age, but continuous service) the editorial van in Massachusetts? Who in New England? Who in the nation?

Mr. George Livermore has circulated at his own expense about four thousand copies of the elegant edition of his work on the Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers. He is now about to publish a cheaper edition for sale. No better work can be conceived to correct the mad prejudices, and cool the hot passions of the hour. He has received numerous letters in recognition of the merits and usefulness of his work, and among other interesting tokens, the identical pen with which President Lincoln signed the immortal proclamation of freedom to three million of slaves, which is deposited in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Col. Forney, in a letter from New York to the Philadelphia *Press*, says: "Who do you think I met last night? Franklin Pierce, neither more nor less. And looking like a bridegroom—fat, friendly, and (pardon me, General) fifty-four. I had not seen him for three years. Remembering his kindness to me in days gone by, and his genial nature and generous heart, I felt glad once more to take him by the hand. We spoke no politics, for we differ much, I am sorry to feel, on these troubles; but I soon saw that we did not differ on one point, viz.: that there was to be no separation of this Republic." The Ex-President was probably sober when Col. Forney met him; but a friend of ours had the mortification of seeing him lately, in this city, in a state of disgusting inebriety!

Marius R. Robinson, of Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, having escaped from the confinement of mercantile business, is now at liberty to attend occasional meetings in the vicinity of his residence. The anti-slavery cause has hardly a wiser or more devoted friend than Mr. Robinson. He has been in it from his youth up, knows its history by heart, and appreciates as well as loves the great principles upon which it rests. He is, moreover, an excellent speaker; and we are sure that the Abolitionists of Eastern Ohio, when they know that he is at liberty to respond to their calls, will give him all the work that he can do. Mr. Robinson is an authorized agent of THE STANDARD.

Anna E. Dickinson's labors in Connecticut were evidently very highly appreciated by the friends of freedom there. In Hartford several gentlemen united in presenting her with an elegant watch and chain; and when she visited Colt's Armory, she was presented with a beautiful little revolver! *The Evening Post* relates an incident of her visit to Middletown:

"One evening she spoke at Middletown, before an audience of over two thousand. The Copperheads endeavored in every possible way to break up the meeting, turning off the gas and raising the cry of 'fire,' ringing bells, etc. When the gas was turned off the unmoved speaker said, 'I read my Bible. I read of the Prince of Darkness, and judging from the present display, some of his children are present! I read natural history too. I read of a creature that loves caves and dens and holes in the earth, dank and dark places—and I suppose, from the last fact, that some of them are in this hall—Copperheads, I believe they are called.' On the platform behind Miss Dickinson sat Mr. Jenckes of Rhode Island, the Republican member of Congress, who had been elected on Wednesday by an overwhelming majority. As the annoying bell continued to ring, the speaker turned and said: 'I have been wondering why that bell was ringing. I suddenly bethink me. They are rejoicing over the glorious victory in our sister State of Rhode Island, and showing due respect to the man, elected by over two thousand majority, who honors us by his presence to-night.' The audience, electrified, rose to its feet and cheered again and again for Rhode Island. The cries of fire did not disturb the speaker in the least."

Rev. Convers Francis, D.D., Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Care, in the Cambridge Divinity School, died at his residence in Cambridge, on Tuesday, April 7th, aged sixty-eight years. He was a native of Medford, and graduated from Harvard in 1815, and was for nine years pastor of the First Church in Watertown. He was a brother of Mrs. L. Maria Child, highly esteemed, of most exemplary character and amiable disposition, benevolent and humane in spirit, and an early friend of the anti-slavery cause, the final triumph of which he longed to witness. Dr. Francis was a man of remarkable intellectual endowments, and in profound and varied learning, perhaps no man in this country ever surpassed him, except Theodore Parker. Blessings upon the memory of this good and gifted man!

Says the Paris correspondent of *The Times*: "M. Laboulaye, Professor at the College of France, a gentleman whose Monday lectures at the College are attended by a large number of American gentlemen and ladies, and whose ardent defence of the cause of the Union will be gratefully remembered by our countrymen, has just published a book of six hundred pages on the United States, entitled "Paris in America," over the fictitious signature of "Dr. Lefevre." The work is a sarcastic, witty, and philosophic criticism on French political and social life as compared to that of the United States, and deals such hard blows at certain high dignitaries in France, that one is astonished at not seeing the book seized by the police. I send you a copy of this important and most entertaining book, and hope to see it republished in English, for it is eminently worthy of translation." We believe that Miss Booth is engaged in translating this work for one of our publishers.

Our European Correspondence.

34 NEWINGTON CRESCENT, NEWINGTON BUTTS,
LONDON, 27th March, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR: Another great meeting to express sympathy with the Northern States and with the anti-slavery cause has been held in London. In some respects it was even more remarkable than either of the two magnificent demonstrations by which it was preceded. It was preëminently a meeting of the working-classes, and that, too, in their organized capacity. More powerful associated bodies do not exist in the country than the Trades Unions. They are composed of the very cream of our artisan population—men whose sturdy intelligence and integrity would do honor to any class. It was, I believe, the first political demonstration they have ever held. Hitherto their public meetings have been confined to questions affecting their own industrial interests, such as the rates of wages, the ten hours movement, and the relations of capital with labor generally. You can therefore form some idea of the deep interest they must take in the American question, and of the warm sympathy they feel for the cause of the Union and of the slave. The admission to St. James's hall was by ticket. This was indispensable to prevent such a crush as would have imperiled public safety, and disappointed thousands who would have been unable to obtain admission. The scene, although wisely shorn of all dangerous excitement, was still impressive in the extreme, every part of the great hall being crowded with an eager and enthusiastic multitude. Long before the clock struck the hour of eight every seat was filled, every standing place had its occupant. Seated on the platform or mingling with the throng were members of Parliament, political economists (foremost amongst whom must be mentioned John Stuart Mill), and more than one eminent divine. It was, indeed, a goodly sight—one not easily to be forgotten. The appearance of Mr. Bright was the signal for a burst of cheering, again and again renewed. The people know their friends; and they recognized in him the champion of their political rights, the man to whom more than to any other man, save Mr. Cobden, they owe the untaxed bread which they eat. Of Mr. Bright's speech it is almost needless for me to speak. The report which accompanies this letter will enable your readers to judge for themselves of its noble eloquence and thoroughly practical character. How admirably he epitomised the objects of the Southern conspirators—the guilty designs which lured them to rebellion and culminated in the establishment (let us hope not for long) of a slave empire! With what force he brought home the argument that if Lancashire was starving for the want of cotton those only were to blame who had plunged their country into a fratricidal war, and who, when New Orleans and Nashville were opened to trade, burnt the precious commodity rather than that it should find its way into the manufactories of England and France; and this solely that these two nations might be forced, by popular clamor, to espouse their unholy quarrel. You will not fail to note how indignantly he reprobated the conduct of those Englishmen who are engaged in building ships for the Confederates, and who, by subscribing to the Southern loan, are giving a factitious credit to the repudiating Jefferson Davis. The plaudits which every sentiment elicited showed how complete was the agreement between the speaker and his audience. The remaining speeches, with one exception, were delivered by working men, who included a bricklayer, a shoemaker, a compositor, a joiner, an engineer, a painter, and a tin-plate worker—a goodly variety of trades. One addressed himself to the unconstitutionality of secession and the inherent wickedness of an insurrection in favor of slavery. Another dealt with the popular arguments, or rather fallacies, which are urged on behalf of the South. Another denounced the South for its enslavement of labor. Another vindicated the democratic institutions of the Northern States, and argued that aristocratic hostility to the Federals arose from want of sympathy with popular government. Were I to enumerate all the points of the speeches I should have to write far too long a letter. I must, however, say that they exhibited an amount of intelligence, a depth of thought and argument (often relieved by the most genial play of humor), and an ease and fluency of language such as I have never heard surpassed in any assembly. These noble working men show of what good material the backbone of England is made. They have rendered a service to the cause of freedom which entitles them to the warmest gratitude of their country. And they have earned what I do not doubt they will receive in no stinted measure—the thanks of the working men of America. The resolutions and the address to the President, like the speeches, are thoroughly up to the mark, and embody in brief the prevailing feeling of the masses on the great American question. I only wish I could send you Prof. Beesley's noble speech, but this I hope to do by the next mail.

Very truly yours, F. W. CHESSON.

OLIVER JOHNSON, Esq.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The XXXVIIIth Annual exhibition of this institution is now open to the public, in the Derby Gallery, on Broadway, near Houston street. On Saturday evening the artists and a few gentlemen connected with the city press assembled in the gallery for a preliminary view of the pictures and for an interchange of sentiment. After the usual collation, remarks were made by Parke Godwin of *The Evening Post*, N. P. Willis of *The Home Journal*, Mr. Young of *The Albion*, and others. On Monday a large number of ladies and gentlemen were admitted to a "private view" of the exhibition; and on Tuesday morning it was opened to the public on the usual terms. The average merit of the pictures is, we think, considerably higher than that of any former exhibition, giving proof of very gratifying progress on the part of the artists of New York. The amount of sculpture on exhibition is small, but embraces several fine works by Thompson, Ward and Rogers. Ward's "Contraband" and Rogers's "Southern Exiles" show that those worthy artists have heeded the lesson of the hour.

FOR MRS. GAGE.—We have received, since last acknowledgment, 2 bundles of clothing from Miss Anne Anthony of Brooklyn, and $1 from Mrs. Carpenter of Mamaroneck. Box from Worcester not yet arrived.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 13, 1863.

THE sensationists in Washington are hinting very strongly now and then at the probabilities of a war with England before the Summer is over. It is stated that Mr. Seward has sent quite warlike dispatches to Mr. Adams within a week—that he has intimated that if any more rebel gunboats are fitted out at English ports we will not stand it; in other words, that we will fight. These tales are evidently exaggerated, and perhaps for a purpose, for we have in the process of formation a war-with-England party, and a very respectable party it is. But it is not true that Mr. Seward has yet made war, or put the country into such a position that war is unavoidable without dishonor. That person who supposes that Mr. Seward will rashly and boldly get this country into a foreign war, does not comprehend his character. He is neither a bold nor a rash man, and he is not in favor of a foreign war. Within a week a distinguished citizen came on to see Mr. Seward, that he might obtain indemnity from the Spanish government on account of the wilful destruction of an American vessel in Spanish waters. The facts made out a clear and unmistakable case for the claimant, and Mr. Seward did not pretend that the case was not a perfectly good one, but he replied to the man, "We are engaged in such a civil war that we cannot risk any chances of foreign entanglements, and you had better for the present submit to injustice for the sake of your country!" Is the man who said that likely to plunge the country unnecessarily into a war with England? Certainly not. So, in spite of the clamor in certain quarters over the prospects of a foreign war, we shall not have it. Mr. Seward is too timid for a foreign war, and in the condition of our national affairs his timidity will save us. We cannot afford to resent small insults now, but if we have any superabundant pugnacity we can very profitably expend it upon the rebels.

We have men in Washington, and men in high places, who are really for a war with England. They say that we are really fighting England now—that she is furnishing the rebels with their means of prolonging the war, and that we may as well make it an open war with England. More than one Cabinet member talks in this vein, but it is recklessness, and the President is in no danger of being led away by the hot-heads and the imprudent. Mr. Sumner has a great deal of influence with him, and I understand Mr. Sumner's position to be something like this: we cannot afford to take a foreign war upon our hands unless it be absolutely unavoidable; let us fight England into a decent bearing towards us *by putting down the rebellion;* a success at Charleston, or at Vicksburg, or Richmond, is as good for our cause in England as a battle was against Englishmen, and indeed far better; and finally, if fight we must, let it appear to the civilized world that we put up with insolence, unfairness, and aid to the rebellion till forbearance was no longer a virtue. This is the correct view, without the possibility of a doubt. But it is not the view which Edwin M. Stanton takes of the subject. Unless he is grossly misrepresented, he is quite rampant on the subject, and seems to consider that the certain way of putting down the rebellion is first to engage in a war with England. Such men are simply crazy. That we may become involved in a foreign war is the ardent prayer and hope of the rebels, for they are not such fools as to believe that, after staggering two years in (so far at least) a vain endeavor to subdue them, we can add to our burdens a war with the first naval power in the world and come out of the struggle triumphant.

In writing in this vein I desire not to be misunderstood. The course of a great class of influential people in England is exceedingly provoking. The English government, too, is not acting fairly of late in the matter of the fitting out of gunboats for the rebels in English ports. The day must come in the providence of God when Englishmen will be rewarded for their infamous selfishness and meanness. For the present we must put up with it, trusting to the future to give us a good chance to administer a proper punishment. The President is inclined to take this view of the subject, and so is Mr. Seward, and as these are the two men who will settle the question, we may be pretty sure if the English government is not desirous of forcing us into a war we shall escape it—at least for the present year.

The election contest in Maryland, which occurs in August next, is likely to be a very interesting canvass. The question of emancipation will be fully involved in the contest. The Baltimore *American*, speaking of the subject, says:

"We reiterate the declaration made heretofore that we are not responsible for any prominence given to this question. It is thrust upon us—it meets us at every turn; and, compelled to choose—to make battle—on one side or the other, we go against the 'cornerstone' of the Confederacy, in its avowed enmity to free government, so far as it in *any* shape affords aid and comfort to an infamous rebellion.

"For the rest, we consider it a question that is rapidly being determined, despite agitation or advocacy either on one side or the other. As we have had occasion to say hitherto, the real is far in advance of the speculative; facts are outrunning theories. Whilst Maryland is in a certain degree debating—abstractly—the merits of emancipation and colonization, both are being accomplished at railroad speed; and whilst the loyal slaveholders of Maryland—many of them—are perhaps considering whether and when they will accept 'compensation,' they will, by time and opportunity neglected, be deprived—possibly—of any consideration to offer in return for it. A paragraph copied into a Nashville paper from some paper in Kansas, dealing with the chances of slavery in Missouri, is to the point, when it says, in substance, the question is whether the slaveowner should accept two hundred dollars for his negro in hand, or see his one thousand dollars on a hundred dollar horse of his own leaving the State. All recognize the utterly precarious nature of the institution—and everybody will consider and write and speak about it."

There is an excellent prospect that the Unionists and Emancipationists will carry the State and every election-district in it. The work is begun right, and although some of the political leaders in that State, of both parties, are anti-emancipationists, it is believed that they will be overthrown when the day of election arrives. The prospect is not nearly so good in Kentucky as in Maryland, but if we carry the last-mentioned State, the Administration will have a clear majority in the next House of Representatives.

We are in the midst of great excitement over news of battles, of contests upon the water and the land. It is almost impossible to speak of these great contests, the telegraph makes such shipwreck of letters. The news of to-day may be as nothing three days hence. But principles and ideas are as good one day as another. It is a fact that we have a bad job before us in extinguishing the slaveholding rebellion. It is an immense undertaking, and we must not quail at a reverse at any point. Failure at Charleston, at Vicksburg, or in North Carolina should not discourage us, nor should success unnecessarily elate. No single victory that we can win this Spring can put down this rebellion. No danger of reverses *ought* to extinguish the determination of the loyal American people to destroy the rebels and the rebellion. But as an anti-slavery man I have not the utmost confidence in our ability to destroy slavery in two or five years. It may take ten, and yet if it takes twenty, I am satisfied, so the good work of destruction goes steadily on. Immediate success may quite possibly be out of our reach, but it must come in some way hereafter.

Miss Oneida Estelle Dubois, a colored woman, has recently delivered two addresses in this city, both of which have attracted much attention. *The Chronicle* gives her history as follows:

"The speaker is apparently twenty-odd years of age, and has a very slight admixture of Anglo-Saxon blood in her veins. She was dressed in white, and seemed to be very neat in her attire.

"Miss Dubois commenced by giving some interesting incidents of her life. Nine years since she escaped from her owners in Montgomery, Alabama, and went to Ohio, where she assumed the name of Laco, in order to avoid any unpleasant consequences in the execution of the Fugitive Slave law. She attended school three years in Oberlin. By this means she acquired an excellent education.

"Some time after leaving school she determined to visit Hayti, and engage in teaching school to children of her own race. She purchased books, and every article which she thought she would need in that country, and went to New York for the purpose of embarking. In New York the speaker met Mr. Redpath, emigration agent. That gentleman informed her that she could visit Hayti as a citizen, but not as a teacher. Believing him, she gave away her books, and took passage as a citizen. The voyage was a continual succession of calms. It was five weeks from the time the vessel left New York until the time she entered the bay at Port-au-Prince. On her arrival at St. Marc she found that Mr. Redpath was mistaken in the advice which he gave her."

Miss Dubois returns to Hayti to establish a female school there. Her addresses were both very interesting and eloquent. AVON.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the Church of the Puritans (Rev. Dr. Cheever's) in the city of New York, on TUESDAY, May 12th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m.

The Society will hold another public meeting in the evening, in the Cooper Institute, commencing at 7½ o'clock. The names of the speakers will be announced hereafter.

The business meetings of the Society will be held in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, on Tuesday, at 3½, p.m., and on Wednesday, at 10, a.m.

The loyalty of this Society to freedom, and to free institutions, and to the government so far as it aims to uphold these, is unquestionable and uncompromising. It has emphatically pronounced against the Southern rebellion as in the highest degree perfidious and wicked; and, as it is now apparent to the civilized world that this rebellion is the legitimate product of slavery, and waged for no other reason, either avowed or hidden, than to give greater security and extension to that horrible system, which, by one blow, strikes down all human rights, and perpetrates every conceivable outrage upon human nature, the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY not only applauds the proclamation of President Lincoln, whereby more than three million of slaves were declared forever free on the first of January last, but maintains that a decree of immediate and universal emancipation is demanded by the imperilled state of the country; by fidelity of the government to its constitutional obligations in such a fearful emergency; by the hopelessness of attempting to perpetuate the Union upon any other basis than that of homogeneous institutions and interests, and impartial liberty and exact justice for all the people; by the inevitable dissolution of the old Union because of its antagonistical elements; and, especially and above all, by the Divine command to "undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free." Then shall our light, as a nation, rise in obscurity, and our darkness be as the noon-day; then they that shall be of us shall build the old waste places; we shall raise up the foundations of many generations; and we shall be called, THE REPAIRERS OF THE BREACH, THE RESTORERS OF PATHS TO DWELL IN.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } Secretaries.

MRS. PLUMB'S LIGHT GYMNASTIC ACADEMY.—Mrs. Z. R. Plumb, having met with unexpected success in her efforts to introduce in this city Dr. Lewis's system of Light Gymnastics, is about to open a permanent Gymnastic Academy, where, under her constant direction and supervision, lessons will be given in the new system to men, women and children. The place secured for this purpose is that hitherto known as "Ferraro's Dancing Academy," No. 59 West Fourteenth street (near the Sixth avenue). The hall is one of the finest in the city, and in all its appointments it is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is hereafter to be used. Mrs. Plumb intends to make this Academy a choice *Family Gymnasium*, where parents and children may together enjoy pleasurable and profitable exercise. To afford private parties opportunities for social enjoyment with friends of their choice, *select classes* will be constantly organized, securing the advantages attendant upon attractive exercise, with good music and pleasant companionship. Ladies' Class will meet in the forenoon of every Monday and Thursday and Tuesday and Friday; Lads and Misses in the afternoon; Ladies and Gentlemen in the evening. Afternoon and evening classes (to be transferred on the first of May to the new Academy) will be opened at Dodworth's Hall on Monday next, to meet every Monday and Thursday for fifteen lessons. The price of a course of lessons is $5.

As to the qualifications of Mrs. Plumb, Dr. Lewis, the inventor of the system, says: "Among the forty-two graduates of the 'Normal Institute for Physical Education,' not one of either sex will better illustrate the new methods than Mrs. Z. R. Plumb. She is an excellent lady, and a most conscientious and competent teacher. It is a source of the deepest gratification to me, that the introduction of the New Gymnastics to New York city should have fallen to such hands."

GO AND HEAR HIM.—Josephus Silliman, a black man whose trustworthiness is amply attested, will give an account of his own life as a slave and of the way in which he escaped from bondage, in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, next Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. His mother, a free woman, was kidnapped at Harwich, Mass., before his birth, carried South and sold as a slave—a fact of which he has lately succeeded in finding legal proofs. It will do any friend of humanity good to hear the story of such a man from his own lips. In no other way, except by actually visiting the South, can we bring the terrible results of slavery so vividly before our minds.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

The attack on the rebel defences of Charleston harbor, which the nation so impatiently and hopefully expected, has been made and has failed. It began on the 8th of this month, Admiral Dupont with nine ironclad vessels opening fire on Sumter and Moultrie, about 3 in the afternoon. A little before 5 the fleet withdrew and the action ceased. It had been hotly contested on both sides not more than three quarters of an hour, but during that time five out of the nine ironclads were disabled by the enemy's fire, and one of them so badly injured that she sank next morning. The whole expedition has returned to Port Royal, and Charleston remains for the present in rebel hands.

Our latest news from Newbern is to Thursday. Gen. Foster and his little band of 1,200 men was yet beleaguered at Washington, and it was expected that he would have to surrender for the want of provisions. The transport Northerner left Newbern on the 7th with 800 men of Spinola's Brigade to his assistance, by way of Tar River, and, meeting a number of rebel batteries on the river, was forced to return. On the 5th a force of 8,000 men left Newbern to reënforce Gen. Foster, but meeting a superior number of rebels, also returned to Newbern to protect that place. Rumors have been current at Fortress Monroe that Foster had been captured, but they are not authenticated. It is almost certain, however, that he will be compelled to surrender.

From New Orleans we have dates to the 5th. The general news is unimportant. Our forces at Pontchatoula had destroyed all the railroad bridges and fallen back to Pass Munchao, the stream connecting Lake Pontchartrain with Lake Maurepas, 37 miles north of New Orleans—Pontchatoula is 11 miles further north, on the New Orleans and great Northern Railroad. There had been a reconnoissance of the country along Amite River, between Pass Munchao and the Mississippi, which had resulted in a skirmish with some predatory cavalry, of whom 10 were killed, 17 wounded and 5 taken prisoners—our loss only 4 wounded. Business is growing better in New Orleans; much cotton is ready to come in, the rebels having humbugged Davis about the burning of it by paying his emissaries to make false reports.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom."—Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

SLAVES FLOCKING TO OUR LINES.—A letter from Murfreesboro, Tenn., to the St. Louis *Republican*, says: "The slaves continue to pour in from the adjacent country. The men slaves have been in, or off, some time ago, and now come the women and children, the aged and infirm. A negro camp has been established, and is fast filling up. From one farm of a man by the name of James King, thirty-nine negroes ran away, and came into Murfreesboro, during one night. The farm is seven miles from here. The blacks came in with all their plunder. They had taken their master's teams, three large waggons, each waggon drawn by three yoke of cattle. They also rode in some mules and young horses—in fact, cleaned the place of live stock. The waggons were piled high with their beds and bundles, of whitish cotton cloth, and on top were literally covered with little and old negroes. The teams were turned over to the Chief Quartermaster, and the people sent out to the camp, there to be detailed to hospital work, cooking, put on the fortifications, and the like."

CONTRABANDS AT NASHVILLE.—The Nashville *Union* says large numbers of contrabands continue to arrive there from the South: "We counted yesterday eleven waggons in one train, filled with negroes, who seemed to be in great glee. Most of them were of unadulterated African blood, while others gave evidence of the Caucasian mixture. We saw one very fine looking woman, with straight hair and a bright olive complexion, in the dusky procession. Before the war the band would have brought over half a million of dollars on the block."

PENNSYLVANIA RECRUITS.—A squad of recruits from Montrose, Pa., for Gov. Andrew's black regiment, passed through this city for Boston this morning. The recruits, about twenty-five in number, were in charge of Recruiting Sergeant A. M. Greene, a black man, and comprised the sixth squad which he has enlisted in Pennsylvania and has led to Massachusetts. Sergeant Greene is about 30 years of age, of fine personal appearance, and possesses more than ordinary intelligence. He has so far enlisted more than one hundred men of his own color; and it would not be a matter of surprise if he should succeed in raising a full regiment. The recruits go into camp at Readeville, Mass. Other black men are also procuring enlistments in Pennsylvania.—*Eve. Post.*

NEW POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.—A special dispatch to *The Tribune*, dated Helena, Ark., April 6, says: "Adj.-Gen. Thomas arrived here to-day from Washington with full authority and for the purpose of organizing the negroes into regiments and arming them for service against the rebels from Cairo to Vicksburg. Those who are unfit for military duty are to be set to work on the abandoned plantations, and the black troops will be used largely to protect the navigation and commerce of the river, to fight under white officers against guerillas, and to protect themselves and their own fields and crops from the depredations of the enemy.

"At Memphis Gen. Thomas authorized the organization of light batteries of artillerists of black men, and will have the fortifications at this post manned by them. This afternoon the whole army at this place was called out to hear Gen. Thomas set forth this new policy of the government. Seven thousand soldiers were present at the meeting at Fort Curtis, and received the announcement with great satisfaction and applause. Gen. Thomas also inculcated kindness and humanity to the blacks, and said they were capable of making good soldiers.

"He said he was brought up in the South, among slaves, but he was now in favor of treating them as free men and entitled to the rights of men. He informed the officers of the army that no one would be permitted to oppose or in any way interfere with this policy. Any disobedience of orders in regard to it would meet with prompt dismissal from the service. His speech was received with rapturous applause.

"Gens. Prentiss, Washburn and A. P. Hovey, the Hon. Mr. Mitchell of Indiana, Cols. Cameron, Gill, Busey, and Capt. Cameron followed in able speeches, fully endorsing this policy, and the immense audience of soldiers uncovered their heads and gave cheer after cheer in rapturous approval of all that had been said. There is no news of importance from below. Gen. Thomas goes on to Vicksburg to inaugurate the new policy there."

"THE BLASTED NIGGER."—An army correspondent who accompanied the Sherman-Steele Bayou Expedition, writing for a journal which would be made very unhappy by being called radical, is forced by the facts that have come under his notice to tell the following truths with reference to the blacks of the Deer Creek region. As that was in reality the classic home of Uncle Tom and the Shelbys, those "cussed niggers," "Sam and Andy," who so badly bothered Mrs. Stowe's Haley, must be still at their tricks. Read the following, and remember that we carried on this war for twenty long months refusing just such services as these, and that even now some of our commanders still look back to "Order Number Three," and only sheepishly permit the blacks to aid them and the cause. The Deer Creek region of Mississippi has up to this time been the richest and closest stronghold of slavery:

"Some facts in regard to the contrabands of this section are fit to be mentioned. In every instance, everywhere, they were our friends, doing everything and anything in their power to assist us. As a class, they were more intelligent, active and honest than those we have met in other campaigns. Admiral Porter's guide was a contraband—the same who brought the dispatch to Gen. Sherman through the rebel lines. When we first arrived in their midst, a scouting party came suddenly upon a house which belonged to the Sheriff of the County. He ordered his old servant to get his horse, as the Yankees were coming. 'Couldn't tink of it—wouldn't do it for a tousand dollars. I'se a Union man now, massa.' The horse was not got, but the Sheriff was. Our first knowledge that the enemy had come down Deer Creek in a steamer, was from a contraband. It was confirmed by four others who were compelled to assist in pushing the flatboats, and deserted in the night. In the business of felling trees to obstruct the gunboats, the negroes were employed. A curious cunning taught them to fell many of the trees in the wrong direction. The chopping was done with great care and judgment, and saved our troops a vast deal of labor. The afternoon the troops returned to Hill's, I had occasion to go up the river several miles on a tug. An old negro, arrayed in a big United States overcoat, and mounted on a mule, was racing over the plantations, through the quarters, hastening his brother and sister contrabands off to the 'Linkum army.' The second day we lay at Hill's, awaiting the approach of the rebels, an outlandish mixture of song and shouting in the quarters attracted our attention. The colored herald had his flock together, and was howling a jubilee. They were about frantic with joy, shouting, and singing and praying, in order and without order. They were perfectly happy, and exhibited their joy as they knew how."—*Janesville Free Press.*

FROM MISSISSIPPI.—A letter to the Cincinnati *Gazette*, dated Corinth, April 1, says: "After a variety of plans and orders intended to correct the abuses and irregularities attending the employment of contrabands, who are among us, Gen. Dodge has at last reduced the subject in this district to a system. He regulates the employment of them by civilians, provides a tax on the income of all able to produce wages, and applies the fund so created to the support of the young and old who are unable to support themselves. This is not burdensome in the least, and it aids materially in the support of the class for whom it is intended. He further provides that all contrabands shall be accounted for by name to Chaplain Alexander, who is made chief of the contraband department, and who can thus see to the collection of the tax, and also that no contrabands are illegally employed.

"A busy state of affairs is disclosed now at the contraband camp. Every available hand is employed in preparing the ground and planting the seed in the vast garden, which Chaplain Alexander has under his supervision. Almost every one of the dark family, from the white-haired grandsire to the merest piccaninny, is able and willing to do a little 'garden-work,' and the enterprise has no lack of workmen. A company of blacks has been organized to relieve the white soldiers of the guard duty, which was found to be essential. They are armed and equipped, and manifest an unusual aptitude in the manual of arms. As their camp is near our picket lines, some amusing encounters take place between the two classes of soldiers. Not long since, as a sable sentinel was jauntily pacing his beat, one of our men on 'reserve' was bold enough to throw a club at the African. Quickly turning about to find the offender, and resent the insult to his black dignity, Cuffee called out in an injured tone, 'Who you froin' at? Look a heah now—dat's 'bout played out, one soldier froin' at anudder.' And the rebuked Yankee retired discomfited."

OPERATIONS OF THE NEGRO TROOPS IN FLORIDA.—*Jacksonville, March* 28.—This place was occupied for the second time on the 10th of March by the negro brigade under the command of Col. Higginson. What they achieved, and how admirably, I have already written you, up to as late a date as the 25th inst. It remains for me to fill up the interval from the 25th to the 28th. Ten days ago, Gen. Hunter, upon representations made to him, not by Col. Higginson, but by several loyal men of much wealth and influence, long residents of Florida, decided to reënforce Col. Higginson with two regiments of white infantry—the 8th Maine, Col. Rust, and the 6th Connecticut, Col. Chatfield. Col. Rust, outranking Col. Higginson, took command of all the forces in Jacksonville, upon his arrival. Before, however, Col. Rust arrived, Col. Higginson had, by the severest labor his black brigade could endure, so strengthened his position that he deemed himself sufficiently strong to hold Jacksonville against all the forces the rebel Gen. Finnigan could bring to bear against it. The natural defenses of Jacksonville are very considerable. The only weak point was on the southwest, or in that portion of the city where the railroad from Tallahassee enters it. To guard this point, Col. Higginson caused two forts to be erected, one on the right of the railroad named Fort Montgomery, after Col. Montgomery of Kansas fame, and one on the left, Fort Higginson. To give range to the guns from these forts, a large forest of pine and oak trees had to be cut down, and about 50 dwellings, mostly of an inferior class, destroyed. Fort Higginson not only commands the left of the railroad, but the approach on the south to Jacksonville, by the St. John's River. All the work upon these forts was performed by the black troops. I have seen about all the earthworks in Virginia, and do not hesitate to say that those hastily constructed works will compare very favorably with the best ever thrown up by the army of the Potomac.

After Col. Rust had taken command of the forces here, he projected a reconnoisance of the enemy's stronghold, about 10 miles distant in the direction of Tallahassee. In this little affair black and white troops marched together. Four companies of the 6th Connecticut formed the right, six companies of the 1st South Carolina the centre, and four companies of the 8th Maine the left. About four miles out the enemy's pickets were reached, driven in, and the ground near where the rebel Gen. Finnigan's brigade was encamped closely observed. At this distance a railroad bridge was destroyed, many a mile of the track torn up and other obstructions placed in the way of a rebel advance.

But the most successful little affair since the second occupation of Jacksonville was one planned and executed by Col. Montgomery of the 2d South Carolina. He left Jacksonville day before yesterday on board of the Gen. Meigs, with 100 men from his regiment and a few officers from the 1st South Carolina, among whom was Lieut.-Col. Billings. The point which they desired to reach on the St. John's was Palatka, a small village 75 miles from Jacksonville, where they had been told a large amount of cotton could be obtained and new recruits for the regiment. This they reached without meeting a single rebel until they touched the wharf at Palatka. Just as they were about landing, a company of guerillas opened a vigorous fire with musketry upon the boat, but more especially upon Lieut.-Col. Billings, who stood out upon the deck exposed to the entire volley. It was as if by a miracle that this ardent Emancipationist and true philanthropist was not killed instantly. As it was, he was wounded in three different parts of his body—one ball passing through his right hand, another through his left, and still another through his hip. The moment Col. Montgomery brought his boat-howitzers to bear upon the town, the rebels scattered in all directions, and soon disappeared in the pine forests back of the village.

After obtaining all the cotton in the place and about 30 negroes for his regiment, Col. Montgomery started on his return. Learning, however, that some cotton could be obtained at a landing about 25 miles above Jacksonville he stopped the boat and went off with his men in the country about ten miles. I should have said that this little expedition was in the night, and that the negroes Col. Montgomery took with him were familiar with the ground, several of them having been slaves on the plantations along the road. When about ten miles out, they discovered what appeared at some distance to be a small camp-fire, and upon a closer reconnoisance proved to be such. Col. Montgomery divided his little company into parties of four

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

"GOD WITH US."

Where the spires rise like forests
In the cities of the North,
And from many a happy homestead
Pour the gathering thousands forth;
Where the children sing of Jesus,
Tell their chosen verses o'er,
And the day went all too swiftly
For the love and praise it bore;
On this holy Sabbath day
God is with us—and alway.

Where the foeman's cannon thunder
Down upon our steady line,
Where across the reddened rampart
Bayonets advancing shine,
Where the shout and curse are mingling
With our "Lord, defend the right,"
And while saying, "Christ, receive me!"
Many a lip in death grows white;
On this holy Sabbath day
God is with us—and alway.

Where the islands lie in clusters,
Like the stars upon the blue,
And the freedmen with their children
Wander field and pathway through
To the church beneath the live oaks,
Lift their hands in prayer to heaven
For the country and the altars
Northern hands to them have given;
On this holy Sabbath day
God is with us—and alway.

Where in many an inland cabin,
Slaves are cowering in dismay,
Hope forevermore forgotten,
Daring not to praise or pray;
Sitting dumb and helpless, waiting,
Rocking slowly to and fro,
Waiting for the Liberator,
Should God's justice overflow;
On this holy Sabbath day
God is with us—and alway.

Where in lonely homes the mothers
Weep for sons, and mourning wives
Miss afresh each day the vanished
Love and glory of their lives;
Where the children group and wonder
Why the letters come no more,
And why no returning transport
Brings their father to the shore:
On this holy Sabbath day
God is with us—and alway.

Where the bells of heaven, ringing,
Charm the heart's long grief away,
Where God's name is in the forehead,
And Christ's feet have led the way;
Where they gather in the throne-light
With a silence so like praise,
That no words could half interpret
The deep worship of that gaze;
On this holy Sabbath day
God is with us—and alway.

St. Helena, S. C. ELLEN MURRAY.

MRS. SWISSHELM ON MRS. LINCOLN.

[Mrs. Swisshelm contributes a long letter to the Chicago *Evening Journal*, in which she gives her views of the Administration in general and Mrs. Lincoln in particular. The following will serve as a specimen of what she thought of the lady of the White House:]

I CAME to Washington so strongly prejudiced against her that I quite made up my mind not to see her, for fear I should be tempted to write something to increase the feeling against her, and so lessen the confidence of the people in the Administration. I let four public receptions pass without calling, and was with difficulty persuaded to go to the levee on the 2d inst. As I had sent my baggage to Philadelphia before concluding to go, I was forced to go in my old black travelling dress, which some folks hint is not the height of the fashion, since it was made nearly seven years ago, has seen hard service, and was never altered. But as there was no lack of silks, laces, feathers, jewels, trails, flounces, puffs, quilting, fans, and flowers, it was very well, and when presented to the President I do not believe that he saw that I had my cloak over my arm, and hood in my hand, as he stood shaking hands with the immortal million, and working harder than he ever did splitting rails.

As custom required me to add to his labor, I could not help saying to him that I hoped the Lord would have mercy on him, as the people had none; and in the midst of his drudgery he laughed a great, hearty, honest laugh. It was a pleasure to see him—a man whose honesty has never been questioned by friend or foe—and I stood back against the wall to look at him, still determined that I would not play hypocrite by paying external forms of respect to Mrs. Lincoln. She was pointed out, and I forgot to look at him, she appeared so different from what I had expected. Her complexion is fair as that of a young girl, her cheeks soft, plump, and blooming, and her expression tender and kindly. It was one of those faces I feel like stopping on the street to kiss, because it recalls one that was dearest of all in childhood's days. I think the features are not classical, but I forgot to look at them. It was a pleasant face to look upon. The dress was something that looked elegant and appropriate—nothing incongruous, nothing tawdry. They tell me since that it was black velvet, with pearls in the hair. I saw them as I looked down on her hair, which is abundant, dark, and glossy. She is not so tall as I. She stood receiving her guests with quite as much grace and more dignity than I had seen the celebrated Betty Bliss when in the same position. I concluded to be presented. On hearing my name she looked up with a pleased surprise, and offered her hand with a cordiality and kindliness which greatly surprised both myself and the friends who were with me—one of whom remarked, afterward, that it was "the most cordial thing he had ever seen her do." She shakes hands with very few of her guests, and it is not etiquette to offer her one's hand. This is a matter of necessity. No one who has not served an apprenticeship to hard manual labor would be able to shake hands with half the people who go to the White House; and it is a labor from which good sense and good manners should relieve the President.

I went home that night thinking what it could mean; why should a pro-slavery woman, a secessionist at heart, show that sudden feeling of kindness to an old Abolitionist—one who, twenty-five years ago, was threatened with a coat of tar and feathers in her native State? There was no acting about it, for it was the first impulse of surprise, and if she had wished to act such a part I would have been a poor subject on which to begin. If she was vain, as folks say, and fond of gentlemen's admiration, and wished to stand well with anti-slavery people, she could very easily play the agreeable to good-looking gentlemen, radical editors who do so much abroad. To give one of the brightest smiles of the evening to a little, old woman, noted for nothing but abolitionism, was an odd move for a vain secessionist. So I resolved to reconsider some of the evidence on which I had formed my opinion, and have found some breaks in the chain. I have also learned several facts in her history, both before and since her husband's election to his present post, which place her in a very different light from that in which she is generally regarded. In atonement for the wrong I have done her in thought and private conversation, in justice to her and to the cause which must suffer by everything which lessens the respect of the people for, and their confidence in, those whom they elected to preside over the government, I intend to publish all the evidence I have and all I can get of her loyalty and good feeling; but as this letter has spun out unaccountably, I must postpone to another much that I intended to say.

Respectfully, JANE G. SWISSHELM.

THE SCULPTOR, STORY.—The many English admirers of the most thoughtful, and perhaps the most original of modern sculptors, will be glad to hear that Mr. Story's chisel has not been idle lately. His chief finished work has been a statue of Judith. Its conception—a remarkable deviation from the common look of flushed exultation and vindictive triumph which Italian artists give—is that of an appeal to Heaven to vindicate the justice of the great deed done. There is no faltering of purpose in the gaze strained upward, no looseness in the grasp of the sword, but the consciousness of an untold sacrifice, the sense of a gulf between the present and the past, the dilatation of a mind that is pleading with the invisible world, are unmistakably graven on brow and attitude. A smaller statue of Hero looking for Leander, torch in hand, is almost faultless in its representation of anxious, doubtful search. The timid, beautiful girl, overmastered for the moment by one sentiment, will probably reappear in a hundred imitations, and become a household form. Mr. Story is at present engaged on a statue of Saul, the clay model of which has just been completed. Here there was no artistic tradition—like the Moses of Michael Angelo—to suggest or warn. The Jewish King is seated, but sits as if he might start up in a moment; his brows are bent as if in thought; his hands play with a sword; his face working with the disquietude of the evil spirit within, or with the thought of royalty at stake, the deathless type of kings at feud with prophecy; he is tyrant—Eastern tyrant perhaps—but over all heroic.

LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE Queen, after rising at about seven, and attending service at the chapel, takes breakfast, looks at the newspapers, visits her children, and then affairs of state occupy her till about noon. The public affairs of the nation at an end, the Queen now receives visitors, who have either been specially invited, or persons who have been honored with her "commands" to attend at the Palace. Among these latter are artists and publishers, who have rare and novel works to show to Her Majesty, or her likeness to take; persons entrusted with presents for the aviary, foreigners with special introductions from their own sovereigns, tradesmen with articles which the Queen is desirous of purchasing, and so forth. After these folks have been dismissed, the royal family take their lunch, at which the Queen eats and drinks heartily. The horses and carriages are then brought to the door, and her Majesty either rides or drives out for three or four hours, frequently taking the opportunity of visiting some of the nobility, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Iverness, or even (in the country) poor but worthy people who are confined by sickness. Her Majesty's kindness to the suffering of her own sex is proverbial. It is on record that when Mrs. Warner, a tragic actress of excellent character, was ill of a disease which ultimately carried her to her grave, the Queen sent a carriage every day that she might have the advantage of pure air. On her return home the Queen spends an hour in her private boudoir or library and then dresses for dinner.

A dinner at the palace has always been a very stately, dreary, tedious affair. The table service is of course superb—gold plate, Sèvres porcelain, alabaster vases, flowers, brilliant chandeliers, servants in scarlet coats and powdered heads, a military band performing in an ante-room, and many ladies and gentlemen at table in full dress costume. A profound silence reigns throughout the meal, only broken by the voice of the Queen addressing herself to one or other of the guests, who are expected to limit themselves to a direct reply. General conversation is carried on in whispers only. A great variety of wines are drank at the royal table, the Queen and Prince Albert confining themselves chiefly to German (Rhine) wines.

After dinner the party adjourns to the drawing-rooms, and there the Queen casts aside all ceremony, and gives herself up to innocent pleasures, and the promotion of the enjoyment of her guests and family. If the party be not large, a chamber concert or a dance is improvised, the Queen herself taking a prominent part in the singing and dancing. The objects of interest to the stranger in the suite of drawing-rooms are numerous, and the Queen is not slow to invite attention to and explain them—a hospitable office, in which she is cordially sustained by the Princes and Princesses, and the ladies and noblemen of the household. There are magnificent vases; statues of marble, bronze and alabaster; glorious pictures by the first masters, ancient and modern; portfolios of engravings, musical instruments, curious articles of *vertu*, etc., etc. All is life and *abandon*. At half-past eleven, or earlier, the Queen retires, gracefully courtesying to the company, the ladies-in-waiting and the lady guests acknowledging the obeisance by sinking to the very ground.—*Mrs. Siddons, in Harper's Magazine.*

VICTOR HUGO AT HOME.

VICTOR HUGO lives now in seclusion at Hauteville House, Guernsey, surrounded by a happy domestic circle which fate, so cruel toward him otherwise, has left him as a palladium and consolation in his many trials. His cherished wife still lives—she whose love he once awakened by his inexpressibly tender lyrics; his daughter, generous and worthy of her father, still is the staff and stay of his age; with pride he looks upon his two sons, Charles and Francis, one of whom, as an inspired translator of Shakspeare, has won already fame and distinction. He still loves children as of old. Every Wednesday he gives a dinner-party to fifteen little boys and girls, selected among the poorest in the island. He takes pleasure in attending himself to their little wants during the meal. Thus, as he says in one of his letters, "he tries to make equality and fraternity understood, if only in his immediate neighborhood." Some other French exiles, who live on the island, often visit him; they have become members of his family. Now and then an old friend will come from France to press his hand, and to cheer him in his solitude.

The *coup d'etat* ruined Victor Hugo's fortune; he was scarcely able to save some *debris* of his former wealth; and only the greatest efforts enabled him at first to maintain himself in the foreign country. Only the four hundred thousand francs he received for his recent book, "*Les Miserables*," made him a rich man again, although, as he deeply regrets, not rich enough to gratify his charitable and benevolent inclinations to their full extent. The purchase of Hauteville House has procured him the inviolable rights of an English citizen. His house is his castle, and the Emperor Napoleon would be unable now to drive him from Guernsey, as he before caused his expulsion first from Belgium, next from Jersey. The great exile of "Napoleon the Little" has thus known to secure himself against a fourth place of banishment; and he has at least the consolation of living now in the midst of a people half French, and in full view of the shores of his ardently beloved country.

Victor Hugo has dogs, birds, flowers—he always loved them; in the solitude of his banishment he doubly loves them. Soon he will add to them a horse and a carriage, to drive through the green meadows of the island—through the garden-like luxuriance of the fields, and along the shores of the roaring waves. For our poet is growing old, and the walks of the sea-shore, which used to form the delight of his heart, cannot be as far extended as he would like. And yet he is hale and hearty, and full of elastic vitality. "I rise early," he wrote us lately, "work the whole day, and go early to bed. I do not smoke, but I eat roast beef like an Englishman, and drink occasionally a little beer; which," as he adds playfully, "does not prevent *The Espana*, an ultramontane journal of Madrid, to assert that there is no Victor Hugo in existence, and that the true name of the author of '*Les Miserables*' is Satan."

In favorable weather he works in his beautiful garden, and his *fauteuil* there is a flat rock with a charming view of the sea. Let us add, also, that Hugo loves the worthy and industrious little people in whose midst he lives, and that his affection is very generally and ardently reciprocated. The inhabitants of Guernsey, without exception, honor and love the great French exile, who has been among them now for over seven years.—*Theodore Johnson, in Harper's Monthly.*

THE REBELLION RECORD.

[Mr. Putnam, the publisher, has received a letter from John Bright, acknowledging the receipt of a set of "The Rebellion Record," and adding:"]

LONDON, February, 27, 1863.

* * * YOUR work is original in its character; it must be far more complete and accurate than any other history that has ever been written, and a hundred years hence, it will be regarded as the most remarkable and one of the most valuable of the works produced on your continent.

I hope, in its conclusion, it will have to tell of the entire uprooting of slavery, and of the perfect restoration of a grand and purified Union.

You will have observed that in England a great change in opinion is taking place, or an opinion hitherto almost silent is being expressed. In every town great meetings are held to discuss the American question, and invariably resolutions are almost unanimously agreed to, in favor of the North and Union, and the abolition of slavery.

I hope we may soon have tidings of the progress of your government in recovering the revolted States, and see some prospect of the great contest coming to a close. The divisions in the North create uneasiness here, as being calculated to weaken the President, and to give fresh hope to the South. I hope with you they appear less formidable than to us, who look upon them from a distance.

Thanking you most sincerely for your handsome and valuable gift, and for the kind words you have inscribed in the first volume,

I am, with great respect,
Yours, most truly,
JOHN BRIGHT.

G. P. PUTNAM, Esq., New York, U. S. A.

MRS. PARTINGTON ON WEDDINGS.—"It is a solemn thing is matrimony—a very solemn thing—where the minister comes into the chancery with his surplus on, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It ought to be husband and wife, for it isn't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger and said, 'With my goods I thee endow.' He used to keep a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn't know till afterwards that it only meant one calico gown a year. It is a lovely sight to see young people 'plighting the trough,' as the song says, and coming up to consume their vows."

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE SOLDIER TO HIS WIFE.

BY UNA.

DARLING, in the sunset's gleaming
Sadly your sweet eyes are streaming,
Your dear hands tremble o'er their task;
Why, I feel I need not ask;
Well I see your fair cheeks glowing,
And raised your eyes, still o'erflowing:

"Yes," you would say, "yes, it is just,
Since Truth's our motto, God our Trust."
Ah! yes, I know, but wearily pass
The lazy sands from out the glass,
And e'en the patriot heart is bowed,
Faltering, though to Honor vowed.

And there come hours, such mournful hours,
When conquers this frail dust of ours,
And all the Past, the Future great,
All the proud love of home and state,
Lose the light of their God-given truth,
And leave us but the tired heart's ruth.

Forgive me, darling, if I forget
All but the eyelid's falling wet;
Hear but the sad half-conscious moan—
"You a hero, and I alone!"
See but the quiv'ring lips *so* white,
Whisp'ring the soldier's last good night.

Forget the glorious words you said
Of heroes now, and heroes dead!
Of a nation the best whose birth
Has ever blessed our changeful earth;
Of traitor hands should tear the dust;
Of *all*, the Right, the Good, and Just.

Oh! now to think that I might be
Secure at home with love and thee!
Save that e'en God's great love would fail
To pardon should I longer quail.
Would I you or my boys should claim
A heritage of coward shame?

I know by the glow on my brow,
Your angel hands are lifted now;
I know by the pride in my heart,
You've won me strength to do my part.
Darling! the land that shelters thee
Still owns *one* arm to keep it free.

Elizabeth, N. J., March 24, 1863.

WOMAN'S LOYAL LEAGUE.

From The Hartford (Ct.) Press.

THE loyal women crowded the Centre Church lecture-room, Saturday afternoon. Seats, benches and aisles were filled, and many were obliged to stand. It was an earnest and enthusiastic meeting. MRS. John Hooker presided, who read and explained the resolutions published in *The Press* of Friday last, which, with slight alterations, were unanimously adopted. The following named officers of the League were appointed:

President—MRS. JOHN OLMSTED.
Vice-President—MRS. JOHN HOOKER.
Secretary and Treasurer—MISS MARY PARSONS.
Executive Committee—Mrs. Henry Barnard, Mrs. Charles Brainard, Mrs. A. F. Hastings, Mrs. Boardman, Miss Ellen Watkinson, Mrs. William T. Lee, Mrs. Charles Cheney.

The national anthem, "America," was then sung, with fine effect, and the book of the League was opened for signatures. The badge of the League is a bit of red, white and blue ribbon, the same as that used by the National League in New York. The book may be found at the Soldiers' Aid Rooms, No. 7 Allyn House, and, after Wednesday, there will be a supply of badges at the same place.

We give below their address, with the amended resolutions and pledge:

ADDRESS.

To the Loyal Women of Connecticut:

The loyal women of Hartford, assembled on the 28th of March, inst., adopted the accompanying resolutions and pledge, as expressing their views of the duty of all loyal women at this momentous crisis. They earnestly desire that something similar may be done without delay, in every town in the State, and they hereby appeal to every loyal woman to act in this matter as if the responsibility of organizing a league devolved upon herself alone.

We take the liberty of making a few suggestions as to the mode of proceeding:

1. That the ladies to whom these circulars are addressed by letter shall, with a few neighbors, sign a notice inviting a meeting at the earliest possible day. At the time appointed a Chairman and Secretary may be named, and the accompanying resolutions and pledge offered to the consideration of the meeting.

2. If these are found satisfactory they may be adopted immediately, by vote, and officers of the League elected; or new resolutions may be prepared by a committee appointed for the purpose.

3. If adopted, each person present should at once sign her name, and also adopt the badge, which may consist of the Union colors in any form best suited to individual taste.

4. It is well to provide beforehand a bound book, suitably lettered on the outside, to contain the resolutions, pledge and signatures. Such a book will be an interesting memorial to preserve.

5. Immediate correspondence may be had with this organization on all matters connected with the League, by letter directed to the Secretary.

6. It is expected that these various town leagues will, either directly or through this central organization, become auxiliary to the Great Loyal Union League recently organized in the city of New York. Copies of the constitution of that League and other documents will in due time be forwarded to any League desiring to coöperate with us.

7. There is some difference of opinion as to the expediency of a separate organization for women. A full consideration of the matter has, however, led us to decide in its favor. Our practical duties in this crisis differ essentially from those of the other sex. Our influence, which may be made potent for good, will be more direct, and more positively a female influence, if exerted by us independently. And resolutions adopted by us can express, not only the loyalty common to us both, but our views as to the peculiar duties devolving upon us as women.

We therefore invite the loyal women of our State to a common covenant with us of loyalty to our beloved country, and to an earnest coöperation with us in patriotic service. Let us all, in this time of public trial and danger, so faithfully devote to the cause of our country whatever of strength and influence we have, that, in the final result, whether it be one of triumph or dissaster to the cause we love, it may be said of each of us, "she hath done what she could."

MRS. JOHN OLMSTED, President.
MRS. JOHN HOOKER, Vice-President.
Miss MARY H. PARSONS, Sec'y and Treas.
Hartford, March 30, 1863.

RESOLUTIONS AND PLEDGE.

Resolved, By the Loyal Women of Hartford, assembled on the 28th day of March, 1863, for the purpose of forming a Loyal League.

1. That we, the women of this League, are unconditionally loyal to our government and its institutions, and adhere to the declaration so universally made and accepted at the outset of the rebellion, that those who are not for the government are against it.

2. That we abhor treason and cowardice in every form and under every disguise, and that no traitor to his country shall utter a disloyal sentiment in our presence unrebuked.

3. That we will encourage and sustain our brave soldiers by constant tokens of interest; but still more by the expression of our cheerful and unflinching determination to stand by the dear old flag till the day of its triumph, be it near or remote, and of our assurance that if they and we prove faithful to our trusts, that day cannot be far distant.

4. That we will carefully study the great principles of civil liberty which constitute the spirit and life of our republican government, and will so instruct our children and all dependent upon us, that they may grow into such filial reverence for this best of all governments as shall make them always PATRIOTS, never mere PARTISANS.

5. That we hereby recommend to all members of the League, that in token of their loyalty they publicly wear the Union colors as the badge of the Loyal League until the day of our national triumph.

6. The officers of this League shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of seven members besides the above officers, who shall ex-officio be members thereof. The officers above named shall perform the ordinary duties of such officers. The Executive Committee shall have power to fill all vacancies occurring in any of the offices.

PLEDGE.

We, the undersigned, women of Hartford, do hereby adopt the foregoing resolutions, and pledge ourselves to their maintenance, and to an unwavering support of the government in its effort to suppress the rebellion.

TOO MUCH READING.—Too much reading never yet made an able man. It is not so much the extent and amount of what we read that serves us, as what we assimilate and make our own. It is that, to use an illustration borrowed from my profession, that constitutes the chyle of the mind. I have always found that really indolent men, men of what I would call flabby intellects, are great readers. It is far easier to read than to think, to reflect or to observe; and these fellows, not having learned to think, cram themselves with the ideas or the words of others. This they call study, but it is not so. In my own profession I have observed that the greatest men were not the mere readers, but the men who observed, who reflected, who fairly thought out an idea. To learn to reflect and observe is a grand desideratum for a young man. John Hunter owed to his power of observation that fine discrimination, that keen judgment, that intuitiveness which he possessed in a greater degree than any of the surgeons of his time.

LETTER FROM MRS. JACOBS.

From The Liberator.

THE following letter is from a very worthy, intelligent woman, who was herself a slave during twenty-five years, and who is now manifesting sympathy with her long-oppressed people by nursing them in the vicinity of our camps. To do this, she not only relinquishes good wages in a family for many years strongly attached to her, but also liberally imparts from her own earnings to the destitute around her. L. M. CHILD.

ALEXANDRIA, March 18.

Since I last wrote to you, the condition of the poor refugees has improved. During the Winter months, the small pox carried them off by hundreds; but now it has somewhat abated. At present, we have one hundred and forty patients in the hospital. The misery I have witnessed must be seen to be believed. The Quakers of Philadelphia, who sent me here, have done nobly for my people. They have indeed proved themselves a Society of Friends. Had it not been for their timely relief, many more must have died. They have sent thousands and tens of thousands of dollars to different sections of the country, wherever these poorer sufferers came within our lines. But, notwithstanding all that has been done, very many have died from destitution. It is impossible to reach them all. Government has erected here barracks for the accomodations of five hundred. We have fifteen hundred on the list.

Many have found employment, and are supporting themselves and their families. It would do your heart good to talk with some of these people. They are quick, intelligent and full of the spirit of freedom. Some of them say to me, "The white men of the North have helped us thus far, and we want to help *them*. We would like to fight for them, if they would only treat us like men."

The colored people could not do enough for the first regiments that came here. They had entire faith in them as the deliverers of their race. The sight of the U. S. uniform took all fear out of their hearts, and inspired them with hope and confidence. Many of them freely fed the soldiers at their own tables, and lodged them as comfortably as possible in their humble dwellings. The change is very sad. In return for their kindness and ever-ready service, they often receive insults, and sometimes beatings, and so they have learned to distrust those who wear the uniform of the U. S. You know how warmly I have sympathized with the Northern army; all the more does it grieve me to see so many of them false to the principles of freedom. But I am proud and happy to know that the black man is to strike a blow for liberty. I am rejoiced that Col. Shaw heads the Massachusetts regiment, for I know he has a noble heart.

How pitiful it is that members of any religious sect should come here, and return home to report their observations, without one word of sympathy for God's suffering poor! This is suggested to me by reading the New York *Evangelist*. These poor refugees undoubtedly have faults, as all human beings would have, under similar circumstances. I agree with that noble man, Gen. Saxton, who says they appear to him to be "extremely human." As to drunkenness, I have seen but one case. As to stealing, I wish the writer in the New York *Evangelist* had made himself acquainted with the old slave-pen here, now used for a prison. When I last went there, I found seventy whites and one colored man. The marriage law has been disregarded, from old habits formed in slavery, and from want of true friends to encourage them in the observance of it now. I wish the writer of that article could have been where I was last night, in our rough, little, poorly-built church.

It was densely crowded; and although some alarm was excited by the rafters giving way overhead, quiet was soon restored, and the people were deeply attentive. Eight couples were married on this occasion. We have a day-school of eighty scholars, and a large number attend our evening school—mostly adults. A large sewing-circle, composed of young and old, meet every Saturday afternoon. Three colored men teach a school in this city for those who can afford to pay somewhat for instruction. They have a large number of pupils, mostly children of colored citizens; but a few of the "little contrabands" attend their school.

We are now collecting together the orphan children, of whom there are a great number, owing to the many deaths that have occurred of late. In justice to the refugee women, I am bound to testify that I have never known them, in any one instance, refuse to shelter an orphan. In many cases, mothers who have five or six children of their own, without enough to feed and cover them, will readily receive these helpless little ones into their own poor hovels.

Oh, when will the white man learn to know the hearts of my abused and suffering people!

HARRIET JACOBS.

A RUSSIAN FUNERAL.

THE burial of the dead is a picturesque and interesting ceremony in Moscow. A body of priests, dressed in black robes and wearing long beards, take the lead in the funeral cortege, bearing in their hands shrines and burning tapers. The hearse follows, drawn by four horses. Black plumes wave from the heads of the horses, and flowing black drapery covers their bodies and legs. Even their heads are draped in black, nothing being perceptible but their eyes. The coffin lies exposed on the top of the hearse, and is also similarly draped. This combination of sombre plumage and drapery has a singularly mournful appearance. Priests stand on steps attached to the hearse, holding images of the Savior over the coffin; others follow in the rear, comforting the friends and relatives of the deceased. A wild, monotonous chant is sung from time to time by the chief mourners, as the procession moves toward the burial-ground. The people cease their occupations in the streets through which the funeral passes, uncover their heads, and bowing down before the images borne by the priests, utter prayers for the repose of the dead. The rich and the poor of both sexes stand upon the sidewalks and offer up their humble petitions. The deep-tongued bells of the Kremlin ring out solemn peals, and the wild and mournful chant of the priests mingles with the grand knell of death that sweeps through the air. All is profoundly impressive: The procession of priests, with their burning tapers; the drapery of black on the horses; the coffin with its dead; the weeping mourners; the sepulchral chant; the sudden cessation of all the business of life, and the rapt attention of the multitude; the deep, grand death-knell of the bells; the glitter of domes and cupolas on every side; the green-roofed sea of houses; the winding streets, and the costumes of the people—form a spectacle wonderfully wild, strange and mournful. In everything that comes within the sweep of the eye there is a mixed aspect of Tartaric barbarism and European civilization. Yet even the stranger from a far-distant clime, speaking another language, accustomed to other forms, must feel, in gazing upon such a scene, that death levels all distinctions of race—that our common mortality brings us nearer together. Everywhere we are pilgrims on the same journey. Wherever we sojourn among men

"The dead around us lie,
And the death-bell tolls."

—*J. Ross Browne, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE DOME OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.—The magnificent dome of the capitol, designed by Thomas U. Walter, and now in course of construction under his direction, is rapidly progressing to completion. The principal frame of the structure has been completed, the ribs of the cupola have been put in place, and the plates, which constitute the outer covering, are being set, and will be finished before the close of next month. After this shall have been done, nothing will be left to complete the exterior of the dome but the construction of the lantern and the placing of the ornaments on the upper windows and around the spring of the cupola. These ornaments are now being cast, and one of them, representing a honeysuckle, has been placed in position, and presents a very handsome appearance. The castings of the inner dome are in course of preparation, and will soon be ready. The present height of the iron work above the basement floor of the capitol is 215 feet, and the height of the portion yet to be constructed, including the crowning statue, is about 70 feet. About 207,000 pounds of iron have been received during the past year, and in the same period about 1,185,000 pounds of the same material have been put up. The whole quantity of iron received from the beginning of the work up to the present time was about 7,500,000 pounds, and, according to the estimates of the architect, about 800,000 pounds more will be needed to complete the work. The dome will be crowned with Crawford's gigantic and imposing statue of Freedom, which is 19½ feet high, and weighs about 15,000 pounds. This statue is made entirely of bronze, and is composed of five sections, the weight of the heaviest of which is about 5,000 pounds. It may now be seen on a temporary pedestal in the east grounds of the capitol. The screw-bolts which now blemish it will be removed when it is put in place, and a rich and uniform bronze tint will be imparted to it. The entire cost of the statue was about $25,000. The sum of $700,000 has been appropriated by Congress for the dome, the most of which has been expended. The original estimate of the cost of the dome was $945,000; but the distinguished architect, by rigid economy and a reduction of the weight of the structure, has been enabled to bring down the whole cost, including that of the crowning statue, to about $900,000.—*National Intelligencer.*

HAPPY OLD AGE.

I FEEL that age has overta'en
My steps on life's descending way,
But time has left no lingering pain,
No shadow of an evil day;
And you, my children, gather near
To smooth and solace my decline,
And I have hope that your career
Will be as blest as mine.

Not all exempt has been my sky
From threatening storm and lowering cloud,
But sunbursts shed from source on high
Have cheered my spirit when it bowed.
Not all without the shard and thorn
Has been my path from first to last;
But springs and flowers, of Mercy born,
Have soothed me as I passed.

And now my mind, all clear and cool—
As I serenely talk or muse—
Is tranquil as yon glassy pool,
Reflecting Autumn's sunset hues.
Time has not dulled my moral sense,
Nor has it dimmed my mental sight;
No passions weaken my defence,
No doubts and cares affright.

But Retrospection, even yet,
Will lead me through past trodden ways,
And I remember—why forget?
The magic of my early days;
All nature so divinely wrought,
The unravelled mystery of things,
Awoke me to exalted thought,
And lent my spirit wings.

And I remember how I grew
Up to the sunny noon of youth,
From youth to manhood, till I knew
That love was near akin to truth.
My trials, bravely overcome;
My triumphs, not of purpose vain—
All these, with vague but pleasant hum,
Still murmur through my brain.

My children, offspring of a tree
Whose top is hoary with decay,
Whose trunk is shaken as may be
Before it falls and fades away—
Receive what faithful men unfold,
Revere what truthful men proclaim,
And before Heaven and man uphold
The honor of my name.

For me, I have no mortal fear,
No tremblings as I hurry down;
My way is clear, the end is near,
The goal, the glory, and the crown.
Then shed no bitter tears for me,
As ye consign me to the dust;
Rather rejoice that I shall be
With God, my strength and trust.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

MECHANICAL SKILL OF A COLORED MAN.

From The Newport (R. I.) News.

WE had the pleasure of examining yesterday a very remarkable mechanical curiosity, which, having been produced under circumstances of an interesting nature, calls for at least a mention in our columns. The *Curiosity*, for such we shall term it, is a small steam-engine, the total weight of which is only three-fourths of an ounce and so diminutive in size that it could be accommodated with sufficient room for motion under an ordinary sewing-thimble. The whole machine is supported upon an upright boiler by the tabular point of an ordinary silver lead-pencil, the opening through which forms the steam-pipe of this Lilliputian motor, the power of which is rated at one seven-hundred and and twenty-eighth part of a horse-power. The machine is no mere toy, but is a perfect high-pressure engine, containing all the parts and characteristics of the most improved patterns; although the bore of the cylinder is only one-tenth, the stroke two-tenths, and the motion of slide value one thirty-second of an inch.

The inventor of this engine, or perhaps more properly the builder, who yesterday exhibited to us this (his third similar) work of patience and ingenuity in full motion, is, as before mentioned, a young colored man, Benjamin Boardley by name, connected with the Naval Academy in a subordinate capacity, and notwithstanding his humble origin in slavery, is certainly a mechanic of more than ordinary intelligence and skill. His history, so far as we know it, is simple, and does much to combat the doctrine of the inferiority of the colored race. Benjamin, as a Maryland slave, was hired from his master while the Academy was stationed at Annapolis to do menial duty for the professors and assist in handling the apparatus used for experiments before the midshipmen. He evinced so much intelligence and was withal so attentive and desirous to obtain information for his own improvement, that he became a general favorite, in consequence of which a purse was made up and he was purchased from his master. Since his freedom has been secured he has continued to remain in his old position at the Academy, improving himself by the advantages which surrounded him in various intellectual acquirements. As a mechanic he certainly possesses extraordinary merit, and if we do not greatly mistake will eventually make his mark in the world. A. G. B.

BY FAITH, NOT BY SIGHT.

THIS conflict in our country is a part of that great movement which was inaugurated long ago; and for a person to judge by sight and not by faith in looking at the present state of this nation, is to go at right-angles to the analogies of three hundred years. There is a course of Providence in this world; and are we to suppose that after it has moved in one direction for three centuries, it is going contrary to its analogies and tendencies? By faith I have more confidence than I could have by any sight, in the issues of this conflict. It may seem as though this were a tenuous hope; as though it were the faintest painting of poetic enthusiasm upon an ever-changing cloud; as though it were an imaginary light that flits and fades before the eye can drink it in. As if the divinest truths were not effluent and intangible in their nature. As if the noblest men—prophets and apostles and martyrs and confessors—of every age, had not been obliged to live by the sight of inward faith, rather than by anything tangible and definite to the outward senses. Nevertheless, the world has grown. There never has been an age when men have not taunted, and said, "Where is your God? Where is your Providence? Where is your victory of the right over the wrong?" There has never been an age in which hoofed men have not trodden down sacred things, and said, "Where is the witness of a higher power that is opposed to evil?" God's sentences against the wicked are not always speedily executed; and yet though he moves slowly, and wraps himself in mystery, he moves. He is seen in the changing of laws; he is seen in ever-growing civilization, and in the refinements of the earth. For God's kingdom comes as Summer comes through the many conflicting days of Spring. And who loses faith in Summer because of the changes and obscurations of March and April days? How often, in April, are tender plants, and flowers burnt and seared by untimely and cruel frosts! For Winter will not depart willingly. Having had possession of its icy throne for months, it will not give up to Spring and Summer without conflicts. But when there are frosts and snows, can you find men who say, "There will not be Summer any more"? Is there a man that cannot say, "By all the experiences and analogies of my years, I know, in spite of frosts and snows, that Summer is coming, when no frost or snow can touch plant or flower"? The sun stands behind all phenomena, and as it rolls around it will surely bring in Summer. And in the midst of disasters and conflicts, I say that God's purposes are accomplishing themselves, and that God is rolling the Sun of Righteousness throughout the world, which will bring Summer toward the earth. We have never seen it yet. We see March days; but even April has not yet come to this poor race. We know that it is advancing, however; not by my knowledge or any man's wisdom, though God is pleased to use that; not by my zeal or your enthusiasm, except as God lends them to us; but by God's wisdom and power. Because God's Word is set upon it, and because it has been written for three hundred years in providences and events, therefore I believe that Summer is on its way to us. And I believe that this struggle in our day is part and parcel of that victorious march that shall go sounding on to celebrate its victories before the temple of the New Jerusalem.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE EXILES OF SIBERIA.—On the morning of my arrival in Moscow I witnessed from the window of my hotel a very impressive and melancholy spectacle—the departure of a gang of prisoners for Siberia. The number amounted to some two or three hundred. Every year similar trains are dispatched, yet the parting scene always attracts a sympathizing crowd. These poor creatures were chained in pairs, and guarded by a strong detachment of soldiers. Their appearance, as they stood in the street awaiting the order to march, was very sad. Most of them were miserably clad, and some scarcely clad at all. A degraded, forlorn set they were; filthy and ragged; their downcast features expressive of an utter absence of hope. Few of them seemed to have any friends or relatives in the crowd of bystanders; but in two or three instances I noticed some very touching scenes of separation—where wives came to bid good-by to their husbands, and children to their fathers. Nearly everybody gave them something to help them on their way—a few kopecks, a loaf of bread, or some cast-off article of clothing. I saw a little child timidly approach the gang, and dropping a small coin into the hand of one poor wretch, run back again into the crowd, weeping bitterly. These prisoners are condemned to exile for three, four or five years—often for life. It requires from twelve to eighteen months of weary travel, all the way on foot, through barren wastes and inhospitable deserts, to enable them to reach their desolate place of exile. Many of them fall sick on the way from fatigue and privation; many die. Few ever live to return. In some instances the whole term of exile is served out on the journey to and from Siberia. On their arrival they are compelled to labor in the government mines or on the public works. Occasionally the most skillful and industrious are awarded by appointments to positions of honor and trust, and become in the course of time leading men.—*J. Ross Browne, in Harper's Magazine.*

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left out on the threshold without, when they come at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearth-stones, it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the homestead delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and fire-light of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

SLAVERY A BLESSING.—Happy negro race! born to be kept at rack and manger, and freed from all the cares which beset the so-called free. Could anything be happier? It is as good as a monastery. And then so sure of heaven! Is it not written, that it is easier for a camel? How thankful should we be, when we look around us and our neighbors, and spy no camels' humps to hinder our passage through that needle's eye! And then the blessed effects upon the wealthy! All cannot be poor; some must be unfortunate rich. It is a thing to be endured by men when laid upon them, like other burdens, the poor must help them to bear, by consolation and good advice; "Bear ye one another's burdens," was the motto of a charitable tract, since the memory of man. And the gracious exercises which meet the owner of wealth! What opportunities of softening woe, and pouring oil and wine into the bruises of the slave! Can man have breathed so dark, as to dream of interfering with the ordinance of heaven? —*T. Perronet Thompson.*

KISSES.

First time he kissed